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A Gentle Matchmaker

PLOTTING FOR THE HAPPINESS OF ANOTHER

By Kate Tannatt Woods

ALL the dwellers in the garrison at Fort Turner were fast asleep save the sentinels, a restive watch-dog in his kennel near the river-bank, and a father and daughter in a neat cottage facing the parade-ground. The father was Major Ashton, the commanding officer of the Post, and the young lady was his only child, Dorothy, whom he loved devotedly.

The library where they sat was unlighted save by the glow of a half-slumbering fire. The girl, but little more than nineteen, was seated on the broad arm of her father's chair. Her pose was easy, graceful and natural, and her white gown, with its soft sash of India silk, fell in rippling folds, just touching the Turkish rug beneath her feet. Her chief beauty and attraction could not well be described, for regularity of features she did not possess, and yet every one said: "What a delightfully charming girl Miss Ashton really is!"

Her complexion was beautiful, her dimples deep and mischievous, and her eyes full of latent fire. Dorothy laughed merrily over her nose, and called it "the small uncertain," since it did not accord with any description ever given of noses—artistic, historic or classic. She was a winsome, lovable girl, and the true secret of her success was her irreproachable manners. Her politeness being innate, there was nothing to be put on or off, and no possible danger of forgetfulness. For years she had been accustomed to adulation, attention and praise, which might well turn any head not thoroughly well balanced.

"She is unspoiled—absolutely child-like," said her friend Kate in speaking of her, "and too genuine to understand deception and intrigue in others."

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Ever since Dorothy could talk she had enjoyed her "confab hour" with her father unless duty called him far away. They had a common sorrow which bound them closer as the years went on. In the room over the library where they were sitting was Dorothy's mother, whose life had been one of nervous dread ever since the death of her first-born and only son. He had left her one morning radiant with life and was brought to her still in death in a few hours. His usual morning bath in the river proved fatal, while his mates were looking at him. Since that dreadful day Mrs. Ashton's nerves were in a constant state of irritation, and her wishes were as variable as the climate.

"Well, papa, it is all settled," said Dorothy, as she patted with her slender fingers her father's hair. "We are to leave at five. No noise, no confusion, and you are not to stir from your bed. Kate is upstairs getting her beauty sleep; she is such a comfort; do you know she cheers mamma wonderfully with her bright fun?"

"She is indeed a rare girl, and I believe this expedition is planned to present your paragon, Kate, to your saint, Celia."

"Yes, dear; they are sure to love one another. It will all be so new over there at Mission Ledge—the queer school, with the half-breed children, and the straggling babies of forlorn settlers. Do you know, daddy darling, I think it is a little hard for our Kate to see us petting and fondling each other? She adored her father, and when he died she came very near dying too. I want to make this the very happiest summer of her life—and I will make it."

"Ah, my pet, remember the words of Charlotte Brontë: 'Happiness is not a potato to be planted and tilled.' You may fail."

"Charlotte Brontë was morbid, poor thing; but happiness does grow. Why, you have planted a great many seeds yourself all over our land, and your madcap daughter is trying to follow your example."

"My madcap daughter succeeds well in the home garden; but would you mind telling your foolish pa what particular kind of happiness you will plant, when you insist on my consent to this long excursion without an escort of gentlemen? Can it be possible that you expect more enjoyment alone?"

DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL

"WE GIRLS WANT A GOOD TIME WITHOUT A MAN IN IT"

"Yes, daddy dear. We girls are woefully tired of soft speeches and silly compliments. Maude and I know every step of the way. Kate is a true soldier's sister and ready for any adventure, and poor little Grace Hilton will follow wherever I may lead. It will be such fun to steal away and leave Shally Dunlap and Betty Butterfield to marvel and wonder; your good old Pudge will care for us. We girls want a good time without a man in it, and Pudge is not much of a man, you know—just a good-natured, fat, obedient machine."

"Take care, young woman, how you abuse my young officers and my devoted orderly. Who would ever recognize our most gallant Lieutenant Dunlap as Shally, or Lieutenant Butterfield as Betty?" asked the Major, with a questioning smile, as he put his hand on her shoulder and looked quizzically at her.

"No one need do so but you and the girls. Dunlap does shilly-shally so, one cannot help it, and as to Lieutenant Butterfield, he is so dainty and finical with his gloves, neckties, caps, and patent-leather pumps, one cannot avoid calling him Betty."

"Do you know that both of these men face danger without flinching, and once out on the plains both are ready to do or die? Pray do not add to the cant one hears about drawing-room heroes, my love, for the man who is daintiest in the drawing-room may be the most daring when duty calls him. Do you remember General K——, whom we used to call the 'Kid-Glove General'?"

"Yes, papa."

"Could any land boast of a braver soul than he possessed, or could any country ever mourn more sincerely for a fallen hero?"

"I am rebuked, dear," said Dorothy, with a tender caress, "well rebuked; but it is so hard to have such men talk nonsense to you, as if you were a canary bird to be fed daintily, or only a figure to be admired."

"I quite understand, my daughter, and you have often pleased me by your tact in putting an end to such small talk. But now for bed, Dorothy, my Queen, and let me caution you a little about this trip. Trust to your horse, which knows the way well, on your return. Plant all the happiness seeds you choose, either there or here, but avoid risks for yourself, or you will wreck your foolish old pa."

"Bless you, dear," said the girl, bending over him fondly; "here are three kisses on your brow, for luck, and four on your lips, for love. Good-night, daddy darling."

"Good-night, my precious daughter."

Major Ashton mused by the fire a few moments after her departure, and then, quietly removing his shoes, he stole softly away to his own room. His last act was to see that his invalid wife was supplied with every comfort. She was under the influence of an opiate, and never knew how much tenderness and sorrow were blended in his face as he lovingly bent over her for a mute good-night before lying down.

Contrary to his daughter's instructions the Major was up betimes the next morning, and stole softly down to the stables to examine the saddles and girths of each horse. His orderly, Perkins, nicknamed Pudge by Miss Dorothy, was given strict orders to watch over the bright quartette, and on no account to delay in bringing up the horses, for the return trip, beyond the hour of four P. M. While the Major was thus occupied, Dorothy and Kate were pouring coffee in the Major's kitchen, lest any unusual commotion in the dining-room should awaken the invalid. Maude and "little Grace Hilton," as she was universally called, joined them there just as Major Ashton appeared upon the scene quite unexpectedly.

"Oh, you are real naughty!" exclaimed Dorothy as she dropped a sandwich to greet him, "what made you get up?"

"A sense of duty," said the Major as he greeted the girls in turn. Every one of them honored the Major. Kate, who was seated on the edge of Aunt Krepp's white pine table, sprang down to be polite and proper, Maude whirled about, eating a sandwich, because she must, while little Grace protested that she could not swallow one mouthful so early in the morning.

Dorothy seemed omnipresent. She poured coffee for her father, drank some herself, packed small sandwiches for each saddle-pocket, directed Aunt Krepp's movements concerning the lunch-box the orderly was to carry, and joked and made merry with everyone. Thanks to the Major they stole away without being observed. The early dew hung upon every twig and blade of grass, while an orchestra of birds sang like an invisible choir, above and around them, heralding the day.

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"This is living," said Kate, as she let her horse free for a short gallop, followed by Dorothy. Maude remained behind with little Grace, who was too timid to make a fine horsewoman and too sensitive to overcome a feeling of neglect if left to herself.

The girls had previously agreed to take turns in looking after Grace.

When Kate and Dorothy had taken a brisk trot, "just to feel the earth under their feet," as they said, they lingered a little to permit the others to join them, when all rode on side by side chatting merrily.

"Now tell us," said Kate, "about Mission Ledge; I am in a receptive mood and this glorious air is like an elixir. Sweet maid Dorothy, tell us the tale of the Mission."

"It is brief," said Dorothy. "The Chaplain, as we all call him, was once a Presbyterian minister in the East; he was 'broken down,' as they say there, and came out here for his health. He had lost his wife, and his daughter, Celia Ostend, was in college. The old gentleman amused himself by establishing a school, about twenty miles from our garrison, for the children of the settlers and such half-breeds and Indians as chose to attend. The school has increased wonderfully. You cannot see a house from the Mission, and yet the schoolroom is full; where all the children come from is a puzzle. Some are boarders—charity, of course—others walk for miles to attend.

"The summer Celia graduated her father went East, sold out his small property there, and bought the farm at the Mission, which once belonged to a Swedish farmer. Mr. Ostend has enlarged the buildings and has made many improvements, some wise and some otherwise. It is all very well for him; when he is not teaching the 'home heathen,' as I call them, he is buried in his beloved books and Utopian plans, but dear Celia bears the burdens. She superintends the laborers, looks closely after the finances, and is continually watching over the father. If it were not for the soul's outing, which she gets

through her painting, music, and her horse, I think the dear girl would die for want of companionship. She never complains, but papa observed how thin she was growing the last time we went to the Mission."

"How old is she?" asked Kate.

"Just twenty-three. Girls, I have a happy thought. The school has a vacation soon; suppose we bear her away to the Fort and make a jubilee for her."

"To be sure," said Kate.

"The very thing," said Maude. So they chatted until they came to the half-way earthwork which the soldiers had erected to please Miss Dorothy.

"Now, my dears," said she as she sprang to the ground, "here we must eat our sandwiches, drink our cold coffee, have Perkins tighten the girths, and then push on. Grace, child, you look tired; take the first cup of coffee, and in future mind your Captain when she orders you to take breakfast, whether you wish it or not, before starting on a long march."

"I shall be all right now," said Grace. "I was getting a little tired—the rest of you are more used to long rides."

"Of course we are, Chick," said Dorothy. "See here, Perkins, change those saddles, and let Miss Grace take my gentle, adorable Céleste. No, Grace, not a word of protest; I wonder that it had not occurred to me before."

Once more away they went on, with much laughter, many jokes, and heartfelt thanks from little Grace, who said Céleste was like a rocking-chair after the hard-bitted Timothy Lark, whose antics, in his earlier years, had given him his appropriate name.

When they reached the Mission, and entered the big gateway, Celia Ostend came flying down to meet them. The school had been dismissed and Celia, who had been painting near a window, had been the first to discover them.

"Oh, papa," she said, as she ran down the staircase, "Dorothy is coming here with some friends—dear girl, how kind she is to everybody!"

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Acquaintance ripens rapidly in youth, and soon all the girls were chatting in Celia's room, where her paint-brush, still wet, told the guests how she had been employed.

"Now let me order dinner for you," said Celia, "and then we will enjoy every precious moment."

"You must see the cook, girls," said Dorothy when Celia left them; "she is a character, I assure you—a veritable Indian squaw, with the features of an old hag, and the temper of a fiend. Saint Celia manages her charmingly, and as I am a favorite with her we shall doubtless get a good dinner."

"Do you mean to say that she refuses to cook sometimes?" asked Kate doubtfully.

"Yes, frequently; and then Saint Celia calls in the older pupils, and after a time Kisbeth exorcises her demons and goes to work again."

Kisbeth evidently agreed with the officers at the garrison that "nothing was too good for Miss Dorothy," for the hungry girls sat down to a repast which might well tempt an epicure, and Dorothy, who saw Kisbeth peering through a chink in the kitchen door, took occasion to plant another happiness seed by saying in tones sufficiently loud for the old cook's ears: "Did you ever taste such delicious fried chicken, girls? No one can ever serve it equal to Kisbeth. I must go and thank her after dinner."

The listener, who thus refuted the old adage, gave a grunt of approval, and proceeded to anoint her straight hair with some grease in order to be in full dress to receive her distinguished visitors.

After dinner Dorothy and Celia went to the latter's room for a quiet chat while the Chaplain took the other girls all about the grounds, and made his cherished pupils sing for their benefit.

When Celia's father, long months before, had bade her pack up all her belongings for a new home in the West, the girl never complained. She bade her old school-friends adieu, and so deceived her father, by her cheerfulness, that he remarked to a friend how easy it was for the young to be pleased with new scenes. "They will all fill her young heart," he said, "but as for me, I am plucked up by the roots. It is hard on me."

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"What is this upon the easel?" asked Dorothy, when the friends were alone.

"Only a picture of Paradise Lodge, which you can see from papa's window. It was his first home here, and the wild clematis has made the little log house a bower of beauty. It is an order, my Dorothy, and will soon go to Philadelphia to return to me in creature comforts for our next long winter here. With money going out, and none in, I have to look ahead some."

"Dear Celia, how tired you must be with all this constant planning and working."

"No, never of the work, Dorothy. I am sometimes lonely. Here we are and here we must stay. But, one of these days, some happy party coming here to spy out the land, will find over there, in our little Mission yard, a small stone, and on it will be: 'Celia Ostend, spinster, aged sixty-seven.' I hope it will not be over that; if one must live alone, sixty-seven is long enough."

"Stop this moment," said Dorothy, as she placed her white hand upon her friend's lips. "You shall never be sacrificed, dear. One of these days, when some other good missionary like your father decides to take up this work, I shall see you in your own home with friends and children about you, and the happy man will be almost as proud as I am of Saint Celia. Don't lose courage, dear."

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"Saints never murmur, Dolly, and yet I always groan a little when you come; forgive me. Do you know what has happened here since I last saw you?"

"No, love."

"Papa has spent the last dollar of his principal in purchasing more land; the deeds are in my name, and here must I dwell forever, cutting out flannels for the children or painting pictures to meet our wants. If it were not for the kind friends who send donations for the Mission, and my extremely close, not to say parsimonious management, we could never succeed. The dear father does not know that one dollar is so much smaller than ten."

"Celia, you must come to us for the remainder of the vacation; you are quite worn out, and you know how papa enjoys your society."

"Kisbeth might rage."

"Never mind; the storm will be spent before you return, and change you must have in some way."

At four o'clock the little cavalcade left the Mission, the Chaplain and Celia going with them to the edge of the sunflower grove, where kind good-bys were said, and the girls rode forward once more with the sunflowers towering above them. It was darker now than in the morning, for the moon had not yet risen, and the roadway reminded one of a deep, dense wood. On and on they went until the moon rose higher, and higher, and the whip-poor-wills uttered their half-saucy, half-mournful notes.

Dorothy and Kate rode in advance while Maude and Grace were closely followed by Pudge, whose generous dinner, acting as an opiate, caused him to yawn wearily as they moved along. It wasn't any fun for him.

"Dorothy," said Grace in a half whisper, "do you think it is quite safe here?"

"Perfectly, child; there is not a hostile Indian within fifty miles, thanks to our brave General Cook; and white men never come to Fort Greeley without permission, or on business."

A little later, when Kate was mentally revolving a poem, and Maude was quietly thinking of some letters she must write on the morrow, Grace again asked Dorothy if she thought it quite safe.

"Come ride with me, dear," said Dorothy. "I do not know the meaning of the word fear. Kate, dear, trot back to Maude and let me take this gentle little Grace under my wing."

As the little Grace was Dorothy's senior by some three years, Kate laughingly assented and wheeled her horse into line near Maude. Even in the dim light Dorothy could see that her companion's face was unusually pale, and in order to divert her she began a rattling fire of conversation about an opera party which had taken place the winter previous.

"Think of it, Gracie—sixteen of us on horseback, actually riding, in a hard rain, thirty miles to Orla to see and hear Boccaccio! It was great fun. We had rubber capes on for the last fifteen miles, and you never saw a wetter party, but we joked and made merry, with the rain pouring down the backs of our necks and our eyes smarting from the drops. Lieutenant Oberlin, who is our basso profundo, roared out parts of the opera, Shally Dunlap lisped out a tenor, although we knew he was dying to be profane, and dear, dainty Betty Butterfield croaked a dismal little croak. It was a delightful trip and not one of us took cold. Army people always seem to have special protective saints."

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"Oh, Dolly, look!" exclaimed Grace, and Dorothy turned her head just in time to see a horseman coming close upon them from the path through the sunflowers on Grace's left hand, while poor Grace reeled in her saddle and must have fallen but for the protecting arm of the intruder.

"Oh, papa, you have frightened her into a faint."

"So it would seem," responded the Major. "Come on, Doctor, our little pleasantry has turned out disastrously. Here, Perkins, take Sentinel. Fall back a little, girls; we will put her down here for a few moments; now, daughter, for your smelling-salts. The poor girl is exhausted. She wasn't really strong enough for a long trip like this."

Dorothy was the first to assist Grace, and soon Doctor Sedgwick, the only man in the garrison the girls regarded with awe, was bending over her administering some remedy which he discovered in his pocket.

"She will be all right soon, Major. Miss Dorothy, you had better be close to her when she opens her eyes. We might be taken for highwaymen, and the young lady's nerves are rather upset."

Grace was a long time in rallying, and it was at last deemed wise to send Perkins forward for the spring wagon, while the party walked their restive horses about, awaiting its arrival.

Two long hours passed before Perkins could return with the wagon, and then poor Grace was lifted in carefully, with her head so weak and dizzy that she gladly rested it upon Dorothy's shoulder. In due time all reached home in safety, where Grace, after a sound sleep, berated herself for her folly, and Shally Dunlap walked about with his head in the air because the young ladies had snubbed him.

"Well, Miss Dorothy, so you run away from your friends, do you?" asked Lieutenant Butterfield with his adopted and adapted English drawl.

"Yes," replied Dorothy calmly.

"You doubtless found it the perfection of pleasure without gentlemen."

"Yes," said Dorothy, "we did; and it was perfection until a man spoiled our fun by scaring Grace out of her senses."

"And the Surgeon, did he help?" this in an injured tone.

"Oh, he proved useful after the mischief was done," responded Dorothy ungratefully.

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"Papa," said Dorothy the next evening after the visit to Mission Ledge, "your madcap daughter is coming out in a new rôle."

"Bless me, how alarming! If there is anything on the earth, or in the waters under it, which you have not tried, pray tell me what it is?"

"Not if you scoff, dear."

"I will be as solemn as the sphinx." A moment later she said: "Well, I have learned something."

"Nothing unusual about that, my dear. You learn rapidly."

"I have discovered something."

"What is it? Have you made the important discovery that you can command a regiment better than you can control the nerves of a frail woman?"

"No, daddy darling, we both learned that long ago. I have found that Celia Ostend was evidently ordained to be the wife of some good man."

"And you propose to assist or interfere in the fulfillment of Heaven's decrees? You are growing audacious, girlie."

"No, you sarcastic old dear; I am just going to hurry up the decrees a little, papa. To give my meaning in plain words, I intend to be a matchmaker for once—just once, papa, dear."

The Major pretended to be overcome, and Dorothy was only saved from falling by clasping him tightly about the neck and holding fast.

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"My dear, would you kindly mention your victim?" he asked with a sigh, which contradicted the mischief in his handsome eyes. "Now, papa, don't mock. Let me invite Celia here for a visit, and let me also choose my messenger to bear the invitation. Poor Celia was so sad yesterday; she is pining for society, and I wish you would send Doctor Sedgwick for her."

"Bless my heart, child, the Doctor is not a marrying man; he has told me so a dozen times. There is some story of his trying to get shot when he was out with Custer just after he buried his young wife and child. I believe the story was a true one."

"He shall be shot now, papa, and Cupid shall be marksman. Say yes, papa."

"Yes, yes, poor, henpecked man that I am! I will send for her, and pretend to the Doctor that it is a special favor."

Little dreamed the quiet Surgeon of the fate in store for him as he dutifully performed the task assigned him. He did not return that night, but late on the following afternoon two people came prancing into camp; Dorothy knew that the long ride over the prairie had been a happy one.

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One year has passed. The stone once suggested for "Celia Ostend, spinster," will never be erected. A woman with snow-white hair manages affairs at Mission Ledge, and only last week cards were issued for a wedding in the little chapel at Fort Greeley. The bride will be Saint Celia and the groom Thomas Upworth Sedgwick, U. S. A.

"Now, daddy darling," said Dorothy, "what do you think of your bad child as a dispenser of happiness?"

"I think that she is surely the dearest, sweetest, best little girl in the wide world."

DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL

"AFTER DRESS PARADE EVERY ONE OF THE INJURED GALLANTS WAS READY TO DO THE GIRLS HOMAGE"

SHORTENING DAYS

By William Cranston Lawton

WE HAD forgotten, dearest, that summer is so brief,
When the new life is throbbing in every blade and leaf,
When birds are pairing lovers, the white hills turn to green,
When brooks run full and gurgling, their flower-hung banks between,
It seems to us, beloved, summer will always stay;
So we forget from year to year; God grant we always may!

The first sharp frost has crimsoned the topmost maple leaves;
The hills lie bare and yellow, the corn is stacked in sheaves;
Weakened by suns of August the languid rivulet flows;
Planning their fall manœuvre we hear the cawing crows;
The chill of change is in the air; we too must flit full soon.
Between the tear and smile we say—"How quickly 'twill be June!"

We could not know, beloved, that youth would seem so brief;
I fancied I could shield you from every bitterest grief;
But life is full of pain and loss, tho' never of despair;
Your rosy face has deepening lines, there's silver in your hair.
We shrink not from the touch of change; we say in eager tone:
"How fast our boys are turning men! How tall our girl has grown!"

The graybeards always warned us that mortal life is brief.
Their eyes were dim, their voices cracked; their words were past belief.
Childhood had been an endless time; old age—how far away!
But fast the ties are breaking; far more are gone than stay.
What then? We fear no breath of change. 'Tis Nature's path we fare.
At worst, long rest and dreamless ease; at best, reunion there!

—Scribner's Magazine

Her Neighbor's Landmark

THE ESTRANGEMENT OF THE TWIN BROTHERS

By Annie Eliot Trumbull

THE sun had not quite disappeared behind the horizon, though the days no longer extended themselves into the long, murmurous twilight of summer; instead, the evening fell with a certain definiteness, precursor of the still later year to come.

On the step of the door that led directly into the living-room of his rambling house sat Reuben Granger, an old man, bent with laborious seasons, and not untouched by rheumatism. The wrinkles upon his face were many, and curiously intertwined; his weather-beaten straw hat seemed to supply any festal deficiency indicated by the shirt sleeves; and his dim eyes blinked with shrewdness upon the dusty road, along which, at intervals, a belated wagon passed, clattering. His days of usefulness were not over, but he had reached the age when one is willing to spend more time looking on.

He had always been tired at this time of day, but it was only of late that fatigue had had a certain numbing effect, which disinclined him to think of the tasks of to-morrow. He came to this period of repose rather earlier nowadays, and after less sturdy labor; somehow a great deal of the sturdy labor got itself done without him, and there was an acquiescence, in even this dispensation, perceptible in the fall of his knotted hands and in the gaze of his faded eyes.

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About a dozen yards beyond him, on the doorstep leading directly into the living-room of a house which joined the other, midway between two windows (the union marked by a third doorway unused and boarded up, around whose stone was the growth of decades), sat Stephen Granger. His weather-beaten straw hat shaded eyes dim also, but still keen, and a network of curious wrinkles wandered over his tanned and sun-dried skin. Upon his features, too, dwelt that look of patient tolerance that is not indifference, that only the "wise years" can bring, and on his face, as well as his brother's, certain lines about the puckered mouth went far to contradict it. If one saw only one of the old men, there was nothing grim in the spectacle—that of a weary farmer looking out upon the highroad from the shelter of his own doorway; but the sight of them both together took on suddenly a forbidding air, a suggestion of sullenness, of dogged resolution; they were so precisely alike, and they sat so near one another on thresholds of the same long, low buildings, and they seemed so unconscious the one of the other. It was impossible not to believe the unconsciousness willful and deliberate. A heavily freighted and loose-jointed wagon rattled noisily but slowly along the road.

"Howaryer?" called out one of its occupants as they came nearer.

"'Are yer?" returned Stephen Granger.

Reuben had opened his mouth to speak, but closed it in silence, while he gazed straight before him, unseeing, apparently, and quite unheeding. The driver leisurely checked his horse, which responded instantly to the welcome indication. Behind him, in the wagon, two calves looked somewhat perplexedly forth, their mild eyes, with but slightly accentuated curiosity, surveying the Grangers and the landscape.

"Been tradin'?" asked Stephen slowly.

"Wal, yes, I have," answered the other, with that lingering intonation that seems to modify even the most unconditional assent.

"Got a good bargain?"

"Wal, so-so."

"Many folks down to the corner store this evenin'?"

"Wal, considerable."

"Ain't any news?"

"Not any as I know on."

Stephen nodded his acceptance of this state of things. The other man nodded, too. There was a pause.

"G'long," said the trader, as if he would have said it before if he had thought of it. But the horse had taken but a few steps when another voice greeted him.

"Howaryer doing to-day, Monroe?" asked Reuben Granger.

"Whoa," said Monroe. "Howaryer?"

"Been up to the Centre?" asked Reuben.

"Yare."

"Got some calves in there, I see."

"Wal, yes; been doin' some tradin'."

Reuben nodded. "Ain't any news, as I take it?"

"None in partickler."

Another exchange of nods followed.

"G'long," said Monroe, after a short silence, during which the calves looked more bored than usual. But the shaky wheels had made but a few revolutions before the owner of the wagon reined in again.

"Say," he called back, twisting himself around and resting his hand on the bar that confined the calves. "They've took down the shed back of the meetin'-house. Said 'twas fallin' to pieces. Might 'a' come down on the heads of the hosses. Goin' to put up a new one." Then, as his steed recommenced its modest substitute for a trot, unseen of the Grangers, he permitted himself an undemonstrative chuckle. "They can sorter divide that piece of news between 'em," he said to his companion, who had been the silent auditor of the conversation.

A moment of indecision on the part of the Grangers gave him time to make this observation, but it was not concluded when Reuben's cracked voice sang out cheerfully, "Ye don't say!" A slight contraction passed over Stephen's face. Much as he would have liked to mark the bit of information for his own, now it had been appropriated by another he gave no further sign.

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The noise of the wagon wheels died along the road, and still Reuben and Stephen Granger sat gazing straight before them at the hill which faced them from the other side of the way, at the foot of which the darkness was falling fast. By-and-by a lamp was lighted in one-half of the house, and a moment later there was a flash through the window of the other, and slowly and stiffly the two old men rose and went inside, each closing his door behind him.

"Them's the Granger twins," had said the owner of the calves, in answer to his companion's question, as soon as they were out of hearing.

"Yes, they be sort of odd. Don't have nothin' to say to one another, and they've lived next door to each other ever since they haven't lived with each other. It's goin' on thirty years since they've spoke. Yes, they do look alike—I don't see no partickler difference myself, and it would make it kinder awk'ard if they expected folks to know which one he's talkin' to. But they don't. They're kinder sensible about that."

"They're sensible 'bout some things," he added tolerantly. "Oh, they was powerful fond of each other at first—twins, y' know. They was always together, and when each of 'em set up housekeepin', nothin' would do for it but they should jine their houses and live side by side—they knew enough not to live together, seein' as how, though they was twins, their wives wasn't. So they took and added on to the old homestead, and each of 'em took an end.

"Wal, I can't tell you, I dunno how it began—no, it wasn't their wives—it don't seem hardly human natur', but it wasn't their wives." The speaker sighed a little. He was commonly supposed to have gained more experience than felicity through matrimony. "I've heard it said that it was hoss-reddish that begun it. You see, they used to eat together, and Stephen he used to like a little hoss-reddish along with his victuals in the spring, and Reuben he said 'twas a pizen weed. But there! you can never tell; they're both of 'em just as sot as—as erysipelas; and when that's so, somethin' or other is sure to come. I know for a fact that Reuben always wanted a taste of molasses in his beans, and Stephen couldn't abide anythin' but vinegar. So, byemby, they took to havin' their meals separate. You know it ain't in human natur' to see other folks puttin' things in their mouths, that don't taste good to yours, and keep still about it. It ain't in human natur'."

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His companion admitted the truth of this most emphatic statement.

"Sometimes I think," went on Monroe musingly, "that if they'd begun by eatin' separate they might have got along, 'cause it's only His saints that the Lord has made pleasant-tempered enough to stand bein' pestered with three meals a day, unless they're busy enough not to have time to think about anythin' but swallerin'. Hayin'-time most men is kinder pleasant 'bout their food—so long's it's ready. Wal, however it was, after they eat separate there was other things. There was the weather. They had always read the weather signs different. And each of 'em had that way of speakin' 'bout the weather as if it was a little contrivance of his own, and he was the only person who could give a hint how 'twas run, or had any natural means of findin' out if 'twas hot, or cold, or middlin', less he took hold and told 'em. It's a powerful tryin' sort of way, and finally it come so that, if Reuben said we was in for a wet spell, Stephen'd start right off and begin to mow his meadder grass, and if Stephen 'lowed there was a sharp thunder-shower comin' up, inside of ten minutes Reuben'd go and get his waterin'-pot and water every blamed thing he had in his garden. I dunno when they stopped speakin', but that was about all there was to it—little things like that.

"Then, they didn't either of 'em have any children; sometimes I've thought if they had, the kids might sort of brought 'em together—they couldn't have kep' 'em apart without they moved away, and, o' course, they wouldn't either of 'em give in to the other enough to move away from the old farm. Then their wives died 'bout a year from each other. They kep' kind o' friendly to the last, but they couldn't stir their husbands no more'n if they was safes—it seems, sometimes, as if husbands and wives was sort o' too near one another, when it comes to movin', to git any kind of a purchase.

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"When Reuben's wife died folks said they'd have to git reconciled, and when Stephen's died there didn't seem anythin' else for 'em to do; but folks didn't know 'em. Stephen went up country, where his wife come from, and brought home a little gal, that was her niece, to keep house for him; and then what did Reuben do but go down to Zoar, where his wife come from, and git her half-sister—both of 'em young, scart little things, and no kin to one another—and they can't do nothin' even if they wanted to.

"Are they bad-tempered? Wal, no. I wouldn't say the Granger twins was bad-tempered"; and the biographer dexterously removed a fly from his patient horse's back. "They're sot, of course, but they ain't what they used to be—I guess it's been a sort of discipline to 'em—livin' next door and then never takin' no kind of notice. They're pleasant folks to have dealin's with, and I've had both of 'em ask me if I cal'lated it was goin' to rain, when I've been goin' by—different times, o'course—but it 'most knocked the wind out of me when they done it, 'stead of givin' me p'inters. Yes, you never can speak to 'em both at once, 'cause the other one never hears if ye do; but there! it ain't much trouble to say a thing over twice—most of us say it more'n that 'fore we can git it 'tended to; and," he added, as he leaned forward and dropped the whip into its socket preparatory to turning into his own yard, "most of us hears it more'n once."

"Monroe," called a voice from the porch, "did you bring them calves?"

"Yare," said Monroe.

"I told you if you stopped to bring 'em, you wouldn't be home till after dark."

"Wal?"

"I told you 'twould be dark and you'd be late to supper, an' keep me hangin' on here."

"Wal?" and Monroe took down the end of the wagon and persuaded the calves out.

The person who was Monroe's companion, and the recipient of his confidences, was a young woman who was an inmate of his house for the present month of September.

Confident and somewhat audacious in her conduct of life, Cynthia Gardner had felt that this dull September existence lacked a motive for energy before it brought her into contact with the Granger twins.

"They are so interesting," she said to Monroe, a day or two later.

"Wal, I guess they be," answered Monroe amiably. The quality of being interesting did not assume to his vision the proportions it had presented to Cynthia Gardner's, but he saw no reason to deny its existence. Cynthia cast a backward glance from the wagon as she spoke, and saw Reuben slowly and stiffly gathering up dry stalks in his garden, while Stephen propped up the declining side of a water-butt in his adjoining domain, one man's back carefully turned to the other.

She walked once from the Centre, and stopped to talk to the twins in a casual manner. But no careful inadvertence drew them, at this or any later time when their social relations had become firmly established, into a triangular conversation. They greeted her with cordiality, responding to her advances, talked to her with the tolerant and humorous shrewdness that lurked in their dim eyes, but it was always one at a time. If, with disarming naiveté, she appealed to Stephen, Reuben turned into a graven image; and if she chaffed with Reuben, Stephen became as one who having eyes seeth not, and having ears heareth not. But she persisted with a zeal which, if not according to knowledge, was the result of a firm belief in the possibility of a final adjustment of differences. She did not know what led her into such earnestness—a caprice, or the lingering pathos of two lonely, barren lives.

Monroe watched her proceedings with tolerant kindliness. It was not his business to discourage her. He knew what it was to be discouraged, and he felt that there was quite enough discouragement going about in life without his adding anything to it.

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"I tell you they would like to be reconciled, Mr. Monroe," said Cynthia. "They don't know they would like it, but they really would."

"Wal, mebbe they would. They're gittin' to be old men. And when you git along as far as that, you don't, perhaps, worry so much about bein' reconciled, but neither does it seem as worth while not to. There's a good deal that's sort of instructive about gittin' old," he ruminated.

"It's lonely for them both, I think," and Cynthia's voice fell into the ready accents of youthful pity.

"Their quarrel's been kinder comp'ny for 'em," suggested Monroe.

"It's overstayed its time," asserted Cynthia firmly.

"Mebbe," answered Monroe.

The crisis—for Cynthia had been looking for a crisis—came, after all, unexpectedly. She had been for the mail, and, as she drove the amenable horse over the homeward road, she strained her eyes to read the last page of an unusually absorbing letter, for it was again sundown, and the Granger twins again sat in their doorways. There was a decided chill in the air this late afternoon. The old men, though they were sturdy still, had put on their coats, and from behind them the comfortable glow of two stove doors promised a later hour of warmth and comfort. Their aspect was more melancholy than usual. Whether it were that the bleakness of winter seemed pressing close upon the bleakness of lonely age, or that there was an added weariness in the droop of the thin shoulders—it was certain that the picture had gained a shadow of depression.

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For once Cynthia was not thinking of them as she drew near. The reins were loose in her hand, and as she bent to catch the waning light, an open newspaper, which she had laid carelessly on the seat beside her, was lifted by a transient gust of wind and tossed almost over her horse's head. No horse, of whatever serenity, can be thus treated without resentment. He jerked the reins from her heedless hands, made a sharp turn to avoid the white, wavering, inconsistent thing at his feet, a wheel caught in a neighboring boulder, and Cynthia was spilled out just in front of the Granger house and midway between the twins. In a common impulse of fright the two old men started to their feet. For an instant they paused to judge of the situation, but it was no time for fine distinctions. The accident had, to all appearances, happened as near one as the other, and meanwhile a young and pretty woman lay unsuccored upon the ground. It became a point of honor to yield nothing to an ignored companion. So, as speedily as their years allowed, Stephen and Reuben marched to the rescue.

The horse had dragged the overturned wagon but a few yards, and had stopped of his own reasonable accord. As Cynthia raised herself rather confusedly, and quite convinced that she was killed, her first impression was that the angels were older than she had fancied, and looked very much indeed like the Granger twins. But in a few

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seconds her balance of mind was restored, she realized that while there was life there was hope, and that, for the first time in her experience the eyes of Reuben and Stephen were fixed solicitously upon a common object, that each of them had stretched out to her a helping hand, and that two voices, with precisely the same anxiously inquiring intonation, were saying:

"Be ye hurt?"

It was a solemn moment, but Cynthia Gardner was of the stuff that recognizes opportunity. She laid a hand upon each rugged arm and steadied herself between them; she perceived that they trembled under her touch, and she felt that the instant in which they stood side by side was dramatic.

"I declare, 'twas too bad," said Reuben.

"'Twas too bad," said Stephen.

"Is the horse all right?" asked Cynthia feebly, as she leaned upon them.

"Yes, Johnny Allen got him," said Stephen reassuringly.

"Johnny Allen came along," said Reuben, as if Stephen had not spoken, "and he's got him safe."

"I can walk," she said, with not unconscious pathos, "if you walk with me, but I must go in and rest a moment," and the three moved slowly straight forward.

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A few steps brought them to the point at which they must turn aside to reach either entrance. Before them rose the old boarded-up and dismal doorway, as weather-beaten, stained, repellent as bitterness. There was another fateful pause. Cynthia felt the quiver that ran through the frames of the old men as, for the first time in long years, they stood side by side before the doorway about which as children they had played, and through which as boys they had rushed together. In Cynthia's drooping head plans were rapidly forming themselves, but she had time to be thankful that she did not know which was Reuben and which was Stephen—it saved her the anxiety of decision; instinctively she turned to the right, a small brown hand clutching impartially either rough and shabby sleeve.

The man on her right swerved in an impulse of desertion, but her grasp did not relax in the least.

"Is the judgment of Solomon to be pronounced?" she said to herself, half hysterically, for her nerves were a little shaken.

"Oh, I hope I sha'n't faint!" she exclaimed aloud.

Beneath Reuben's rustic exterior beat the American heart that cannot desert a beautiful woman in distress. He followed the inclination of the other two to Stephen's door, and in a never-to-be-forgotten moment he stepped inside his brother's house.

Stephen's deceased wife's niece was so overcome by the spectacle that she retained barely enough presence of mind to drag forward a wooden chair upon which Cynthia sank into a condition evidently bordering upon syncope. It was a critical moment; she must not give the intruder an opportunity to escape. She knew the intruder by that impulse of desertion, and she clung the tighter to his arm when she murmured pitifully, "If you could get me some water, Mr. Granger."

Stephen hastened toward the kitchen pump. The sight of Reuben in his side of the house, after thirty years, set old chords vibrating with a suddenness that threatened to snap some disused string, and his perceptions were not as clear as usual. He seized the dipper, filled it, and looked about him.

"Where's the tumbler, Jenny?" he called impatiently.

"It's right there," answered the girl.

"Whar?" he demanded with asperity.

"Settin' right back of the molasses jug."

"Molasses jug!" he exclaimed. "Nice place for the molasses jug!"

"We was goin' to have baked beans for supper," said the trembling Jenny, feeling that it was best to be tentative about even a trifling matter within the area of this convulsion, "and you always want it handy."

It was a simple statement, but it laid a finger upon the past and upon the future.

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Cynthia, through her half-closed eyes, saw one old man with disturbed features standing with his hand upon her chair, while another old man shuffled toward her with a glass of water, which spilled a little in his shaking hand as he came across the humble kitchen. Most inadequate dramatic elements, yet they held the tragedy of nearly a lifetime.

Within a few moments more she was on her homeward way, a trifling break in the harness tied up with twine, and Johnny Allen in the seat beside her as guard of honor.

The next evening, the people driving home from the Centre were amazed. Some of them even, after driving past, invented an errand to drive back again, so as to make sure. For the Granger twins sat side by side in front of the disused doorway; there was a look of pleasure in the recesses of their pale-blue eyes. The evening darkened fast into night. The plaintive, half-chirp and half-whistle of a tree-toad fell in monotonous repetition.

"Hear them little fellers!" said Stephen. "I reckon they think it's goin' to rain."

"Yare," said Reuben. "And," he went on, looking up into the sky, "I wouldn't wonder if they was right."

"Mostly are," said Stephen contentedly.

What Constantia Did Not Know

THE UNINVITED GUEST AT THE DINNER

By Robert C. V. Meyers

MR. AND MRS. WHYTALL had indulged in an argument wherein each refused to be worsted.

Though Constantia did not know that, and—but, then there were so many things which Constantia did not know.

But the argument had been something in this manner: Mrs. Ambrose Whytall was giving a dinner which was to be followed by a reception. She was entirely willing to oblige her husband so far as sending Madame Colens a card for the reception, but she declined to include her among the dinner guests. First of all she was not acquainted with Madame Colens, and simply because Mr. Whytall had let Monsieur Colens be kind to him in Paris before he died—"He couldn't very well be kind to me after he died," Mr. Whytall had interpolated at the time of the argument, which did not cause Mrs. Whytall to be any more kindly disposed toward Madame Colens. Simply because of Monsieur Colens' one-time kindness, then, there was no reason in the world why Mrs. Whytall should have a parenthesis at her dinner-table, so to speak, by foisting upon seventeen of her most intimate friends an unknown French lady.

"She is not unknown," objected Mr. Whytall. "Nor a French lady who is very well known," amended Mrs. Whytall, "though I have not the honor of knowing her in the slightest way."

"I have," Mr. Whytall said heatedly, and added that he would invite whom he pleased to his own table. Whereupon Mrs. Whytall informed him that such was his privilege, but that she should decline to make her dinner party one of more than twenty covers.

"But you have asked only seventeen people," her husband said, "and you and I make nineteen."

"My eighteenth card can go out this morning," calmly responded Mrs. Whytall, and left the argument and the room.

Mr. Whytall was furious—and helpless.

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In the meantime Madame Colens had received the invitation to the reception, and, with a shrug of the shoulders declined it with effusive regret that she had already accepted an invitation for that same evening.

But Constantia knew nothing of this, either; nor did she know Madame Colens any more than she knew the Whytalls.

The morning she arrived in New York, and when she had freshened her appearance a little, she thought she would make a call upon her cousin, Tom Wayland, and get up an interest in Mrs. Tom.

She feared she was not in one of those best moods, when Tom used to consider her such good fun. Those moods were relegated to that past which, according to Constantia, ended two years ago, when she had taken a sudden departure abroad. And the worst of it was Tom knew why she had left so unceremoniously, and this knowledge on his part occasioned considerable anxiety, on her side, to make him a call so soon as she had returned to her native shores. Tom knew her little story, and she believed that he would look at her with keen scrutiny and try to detect a change in her, wrought by "that affair" two years back, and so she determined to balk him at once, and defy him to find her either older or less thoughtless because of her sad disappointment.

The truth was, Tom was a busy man and had neglected to think of, if he had not forgotten, that episode in his cousin's life in which Arthur Royce had had such a share. But that was another of those things of which Constantia did not know.

This most pleasant of mornings, as she took her way down the handsome, sunlit street, lined with fine shops, she felt better than she had in two years. Indeed, the episode which had torn her from all this appealed to her for the first time as foolish, and she was free to admit that she had been less than sensible to have allowed it to make such inroads upon her convenience. She discerned as sentimental a phase which she had hitherto regarded as tragic. She had voluntarily dropped out of familiar scenes, for two years, for the sake of a man who did not care two straws for her happiness.

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More and more, as she went along the brilliant street, the foolishness of what she had done came up before her.

Two years! A woman, at her age, could not afford to step aside from all that she knew for such length of time. As we grow older we must not think that absence makes the hearts of our friends grew fonder. As we grow older we must play our parts more carefully, get out of ourselves more completely, and be moral doormats, if we wish to retain a modicum of that prestige in the affections of our friends without which an unmarried woman, on the wrong side of thirty, is a useless particle indeed. We must be philosophic.

These, and the like, were Constantia's reasonings as she neared her cousin's office, and they angered her against herself, and more than all against the man who had made her responsible for such anger.

Her walk brought the roses to her cheeks, and her anger put a new lustre in her eyes, so that she was looking her best when she entered Wayland's office.

Wayland was preparing the market for an improbable stock, but he saw her with real pleasure.

"Why, Constantia!" he cried, "I am delighted! Why, my dear girl, you look splendid. I didn't know there were such possibilities in you. You are simply gorgeous. You don't mind that 'ticker,' do you? Excuse me a minute.

"George!" (as if speaking to an unseen entity) "C., R. I. and P., 70¾; 'phone 252.

"Now, Constantia, tell me all about it, tell me the whole story. Where were you last?"

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"Egypt," answered Constantia, delighted at this reception and the impression she had made, and hating all memory of that man who had caused her to make a fool of herself for two years. "Egypt—interviewing the Sphinx."

"She evidently divulged her secret to you," said Tom, still looking at her admiringly, "which makes you so charming, and—I'll just glance at the 'ticker.'

"George! L. E. and W., 16¼.

"Now, Constantia—oh, George!"

"I fear," affably ventured Constantia, "you are a trifle busy."

"Not at all," denied Tom, "not at all. And how pleased Mrs. Tom and the children will be. What are you going to do this evening? Suppose you come to us—come to dinner—excuse me, Constantia.

"George! C., M. and St. P., 63¾.

"And now, Cons—"

"I tell you what I'll do, Tom," said Constantia, more and more delighted at the apparent absence of fatal recollections, "I will come to dinner to-night. I've got some pretty things for the children. And tell Mrs. Tom I'll wear a Pingat gown which will cause her convulsions."

"Which is awfully good of you," returned Tom, "and—George! L. and N., 51."

"Tom," said Constantia, as by inspiration, "you surely are busy."

"I don't know what makes you think so," absently answered he, studying the "ticker," "I really do not."

"Tom," retorted Constantia, shaking her head, and quite in her old way, "only a couple of re-incarnations will help you. Good-by!"

"If you must go," smiled Tom. "But we'll see you at dinner. And don't forget the convulsive gown.

"George!——"

Constantia was in the air. She walked a mile or two more, quite elated. It was lovely of Tom to be so forgetful. She walked and walked. There was such an exhilaration in discovering what a fool she had been, that she felt she must celebrate herself. When at last she reached home, and sought her dressing-room, she looked long and earnestly at her reflection in the cheval glass. Tom had been right; she looked very well indeed, but she must not tire herself out. Mrs. Tom must see her at her best after all the old nonsense. The walk had wearied her more than she knew; she fell asleep and dreamed of a storm at sea, and of Arthur Royce standing beside her as long ago she would have had him—affectionate, trustful, masterful as of old.

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She awoke in a rage. For two years it had been her consuming effort to put the man out of her life, and here, the first day of her coming home, the very day when she could have been certain that she had effectually stopped every tender thought of the old days, she must see him in her dream. It nearly maddened her; and the dream abided. She was very excited; she would now have said that she hated the man as she had never before hated any one, and——. It flashed across her mind that there must be some stray note of his not yet destroyed, and she flew to the desk which had not been opened since before she had gone abroad, and tumbled out its contents, searching for some written word of his; if it were but a line it would be pleasure to destroy it. But she found nothing; everything had been destroyed long ago. She gave her maid a busy half-hour and then compromised by sending her off to her people.

Alone, she wept angry tears; her dream had made her miserable. She was peevish and irritable for hours. When it came time to dress for the Waylands' she almost decided to stay at home—and think of that dream. In a whirl she snatched a gown from the press her maid had already arranged. Then she paused; she had told Tom she would wear a Pingat—she must defend herself even here. She would never be free from defending herself, she saw that now. So she put on the Pingat and added a few triumphal embellishments to her complexion, which but for that dream would have done very well; but now she was on the defensive she must pay for her foolishness. When she was ready she felt that she could baffle any one, and her anger against herself for dreaming that dream had reacted as a sort of electrifier and beautifier.

When the carriage set her down at the "Chudleigh," where Tom for years had had a suite of apartments which cost him a fortune, she felt equal to encountering even Royce himself. It was well, for the first person she saw on stepping out of the elevator was that gentleman. Her feeling was boundless, and it was against her cousin and his wife now. Had Mrs. Tom, with a woman's intuition, invited the man to dinner to try and find out if there really had been anything between them? She would not have turned back to save her life.

The servant was holding the door open for her; there was a commotion of voices inside. Was there a dinner-party on? Her entrance into the room caused a sensation, but it is safe to say that Constantia knew nothing of it. She saw the guests as in a mist. When a lady came toward her she said something, then turned away. Only then it struck her that it had not been Tom Wayland's wife who had greeted her, nor was Tom in evidence. But there was little time to think; she was late, and dinner had been announced. A man came up to her and held out his elbow, and with him she joined the guests as they filed into the dining-room.

When she was seated at the table she looked round for Tom, to singe him with her eyes. Her host was a complete stranger to her. The shock this gave her was not lessened when on glancing at her hostess she found it was not Mrs. Tom—although it was the lady who had greeted her when she had first entered the drawing-room.

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She would have risen from the table with some confused apology, when, across the plateau of roses in the centre of the table, she saw Arthur Royce. Was she still dreaming her dream of the afternoon? What did it all mean? Was it a trick played on her? For, with a hasty inspection, she detected in the furniture that of the Waylands' dining-room in which she had sat dozens of times.

Her dinner partner was addressing her. She believed she answered him. By the time the soup was removed she had recovered sufficiently to understand what was said to her. Then she became alive to the situation—she was an uninvited guest at the dinner of people she did not know. She listened for some one to address her hostess by name. It was Royce who did this office for her. He called the lady Mrs. Whytall. She knew no Mrs. Whytall, so why was she there? It was one of the things which neither Constantia nor any one else at the table knew, though Mrs. Whytall would have said that her husband, taking umbrage at her refusal to make a place for Madame Colens, had carried out, to the letter, his remark that he had the right to ask whom he pleased to his own table, and bidden the French lady thither. Mr. Whytall was as firmly of the opinion that his wife had invited some one he did not know for the special purpose of excluding the widow of his friend. Because of this misunderstanding of each other, both the husband and wife turned their attention to the stranger. Mrs. Whytall determined to thwart her husband in any spite work he had put into execution, while Mr. Whytall did as much on his own account in a similar state of mind. In this way Constantia became the very centre of attraction.

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How she would have got through it she did not know, only that glancing across the flowers she caught the eyes of Royce fastened upon her. This was too much; he should not know of the *contretemps*—she would explain to her hostess after dinner that there was some terrible mistake, and would beg her to overlook it, and declare that the mistake once made there was no way of rectifying it till the dinner was over, without spoiling the success of the meal, which she owed to Mrs. Whytall not to do. So she plunged wildly into talk with her host and hostess, becoming gayer and gayer as she noted the gloom settle down upon Royce's countenance, and in a little while the dinner was the merriest one Mr. and Mrs. Whytall had ever given, and all due to the exertions of Constantia. But it told on Constantia. She became hysterical, finding that the deeper she plunged into it the more difficulty she should experience in trying to extricate herself when it came to offering an explanation to Mrs. Whytall. Yet there was Royce looking at her, and oh, her dream—her dream!

Wildly she went on talking till she felt that it would be next to impossible to stop. She recounted incident after incident of her travels abroad in the last two years, and turned to most ridiculous extravagance—as when she said to the assembled guests that she could read a French book, but could not understand a menu card, while her

cousin, Mrs. Tom, could read a menu card, but could not understand a French book. Royce here joined in the talk for the first time, and rather heatedly said that menu cards ought to be in the English language for English-speaking people.

At this Constantia responded:

"How delightful it would be to have, for instance: '*pommes de terre à la maître d' hotel*' simply 'potatoes according to the man who keeps the hotel.'"

All the time Royce eyed her. He had never seen her so beautiful, so fascinating. Had he known she was coming to the Whytalls' dinner he would have stayed away, but now that he was here he made a mighty resolve, and that was that Constantia should not leave the Whytalls' apartment till she had made up the old quarrel with him. He loved her; he believed now that there had not been a day since they parted that he had not thought of her. And more than anything which might have turned him to her was the manner in which his host and hostess were treating her. They were playing with her, both husband and wife, and her peculiar liveliness must be the expression of her deprecation of such treatment.

And how wildly Constantia was laughing. Ah, her extravagant manner was partly his fault, for he could see that she had not expected to see him, and—hold! was it possible the Whytalls knew of the old romance and were making it a subject for jest in bringing him and Constantia together?

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He looked over to Mr. Whytall with peculiar malignity. But just then Mrs. Whytall gave the signal and the ladies rose to leave the room. He could not get a word with his host for there was no lingering of the men, Mrs. Whytall's reception making that impossible. Now when the ladies left the table Constantia experienced all the horror of her position—she knew not a soul there except Royce, and the manner of Mrs. Whytall told her that she had gone too far to expect a mere explanation to exonerate herself. Bitterly she blamed Royce for it all. For but for him, but for seeing him as she left the elevator, she would have perceived her mistake as soon as she saw these people, and so got away. As it was, she was terribly implicated, and the wild hilarity caused by Royce's eyeing her made any excuse on her part impossible.

In the meantime Mrs. Whytall managed to get near her husband. "So Madame Colens came after all?" smiled she. "I don't believe she is any more a French woman than I am. She is an adventuress."

Mr. Whytall looked lost. "Madame Colens!" he repeated. "Where is she? I have not seen her."

"Then," demanded his wife, "who is this lady you asked to my dinner?"

"I asked no one," declared he. "Surely the lady is a friend of yours? Do you mean to say——"

"I mean to say," gasped Mrs. Whytall, "that I never saw her before in all my life."

Each of them was immediately possessed of ideas concerning the safety of the silver and other valuables. They peered round for Constantia. She had been forced with the others into the drawing-room, and there she looked wildly about her for Mrs. Whytall and a mode of escape. But the doorways were crowded with people coming to the reception, and Mrs. Whytall, taking up her stand to greet her friends, was gathering about her the ladies who had been at dinner, to whom she was making some elaborate explanation. Mr. Whytall was talking earnestly to a man who was trying to disguise himself in evening clothes, but whom Constantia recollected as having seen employed professionally, by various people she knew, to look after wedding presents and overcoats during crushes. Constantia turned faint. Was there no one to appeal to? No one to whom she might explain matters? Her head swam, she felt that she was falling, when a firm hand took hers and slipped it through a black-coated arm, and a voice that had a saving quality in it spoke in her ear: "The heat has been too much for you," said the voice. "Come, let's go on the balcony."

She knew that she was conveyed into the open air and felt the life coming back to her.

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In the room behind her a band was playing softly. The hand that had led her to the balcony still touched her arm. She shook it off. "Tell me," she said imperatively, "where I am."

"You are in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Whytall," was the answer. "Is it possible——"

"It is," she said haughtily. "I have no acquaintance with these people prior to this evening. I came here to see my cousins, the Tom Waylands. This is their apartment, I know it is."

"Tom Wayland rented it to the Whytalls more than a year ago," returned Royce.

"Oh," cried Constantia, clasping her hands, "what have I done!"

Then the ludicrous side of it struck her, and she laughed till she thought she should never stop. But the ludicrous faded away.

"The man whose dinner I have eaten will have me arrested," she said. "He has been speaking with a detective he has here. What, indeed, have I done?"

"Done!" said Royce, quite severely. "You have made me an unhappy man for two years. You should have known that I always loved you, and I know that you do not hate me. As I know that you shall yet own that all this is so, and that had we not cared so much for each other, it would not have been so easy for us to quarrel and separate about nothing."

Oh, her dream—her dream!—in which he had been affectionate, trustful, masterful.

She could not have told what anything meant. She knew that the beautiful soft night was round her; that beads of electric light in the street below flashed into the mist in her eyes; that a perfume as of budding trees reached her; that back of her was the low music of the band; and that voice was in her ear—that voice!

"Constantia," pleaded Royce, "can we afford to let our joy go past us? I cannot believe that your life has been good to you these past two years. I know that mine has not been good to me. There has been a greater mistake than your coming uninvited to this dinner, and a sadder one. A mistake to come here? Maybe it was my love that brought you; maybe it was some thought of me in your heart."

Constantia heard no more; a throb was in her throat, and there was a great inarticulate cry in her bosom. She knew not what was further said, if any words were used at all; only round her was the soft night, and the scent of budding trees, and the low music of the band.

But this man!—to let him think that she had made this sensational escapade through love for him, although it had been his fault that she had sat at that dinner-table.

"I must go," she said excitedly. "I have no right here. I must go."

"Not until I have my answer," returned Royce rather sharply.

"Sir!" she retorted, "I must go at once."

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She was going stormily past him, when Tom Wayland rushed out on the balcony.

"Constantia," he panted, "it is all my fault. By George! this is a situation. I was so busy when you called at the office this morning that I neglected to tell you we had moved a year ago. I forgot that all your letters to Mrs. Tom and me came to the office. But surely we must have written you that we had moved."

"You may have done so," Constantia said severely, "but I was engrossed by—other matters when I was abroad," thinking that but one matter had then engrossed her attention to the exclusion of family, friends and all else. "Take me away."

"I never thought anything more about the matter," Tom was going on, "till Mrs. Tom and I waited dinner for you. Then it popped into my head that I hadn't told you where we are living. I flew to your house and your people said you had gone to us. All at once it struck me you might h——"

"Like the Irishman," said a voice, "your forethought comes afterward."

"Eh!" cried Wayland, "who is that? Not Arthur——"

"I have," said Constantia, with dignity, "eaten a dinner I had no right to; I have been apprehended for a thief, and——"

"We have made up our quarrel, Tom," in turn interrupted Royce.

Constantia clasped her cousin's arm. "Take me home, Tom," she said. "I will write to Mrs. Whytall to-morrow and tell her I am subject to spells of insanity—anything. I must go."

"By George!" ventured Wayland feebly. "Are you to go home with me, and leave Royce like this? Let him come along."

Constantia looked at Royce. The soft night was round them, the scent of budding trees, the low music of the band.

"Take me away, Tom," she said brokenly.

"Constantia. And I?" asked Royce.

"I don't know—" she stammered. "I don't know."

But, then, there were so many things in the world which Constantia did not know.

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Prince Bismarck's Diplomatic Stroke.—Bismarck won his wife by a stroke of bold policy, says the Syracuse Standard. Johanna von Puttkammer was just entering her twenty-fourth year when Bismarck fell in love with her and sought her hand. Her parents were stanch Conservatives and the most inveterate "pietists." As such they were strongly averse to any union with the avowed representative of other opinions, and forbade their daughter to accept the advances of her suitor. But Bismarck refused to be thwarted in any of his intentions, and they found that opposition was useless and even dangerous.

On finding himself repulsed, Bismarck adopted a plan which met with full success. Having been told that he would not be received if he called, he heard that the Puttkammers were to give an evening party, to which naturally he had not been invited. Nothing loath he made his appearance in the crowded drawing-rooms, and offering his arm at once to Fraulein von Puttkammer he boldly passed with her from group to group, and audibly informed all the other guests that he was affianced to her.

Startled and stunned by this audacity, the parents had not the presence of mind to deny the engagement on the spot, and, later on, they agreed to give their formal consent rather than brave what would have been a public scandal compromising their daughter.

A Rocky Mountain Shipwreck

MRS. JIM'S "HORN OF PLENTY" INVESTMENT

By Anna Fuller

In Two Parts: Part I

BIXBY'S ART EMPORIUM was a temple of such modest exterior that visitors were conscious of no special disappointment upon finding that there was, if possible, less of "art" than of "emporium" within. A couple of showcases, filled with agate and tiger-eye articles, questionable-looking "gems," and the like; a table in the centre of the shop piled high with Colorado views of every description; here and there on the walls a poor water-color or a worse oil-painting; a desultory Navajo rug on a chair: these humble objects constituted the nearest approach to "art" that the establishment could boast.

The distinctive feature of the little shop was, of course, the showcase at the rear, filled with books of pressed wild flowers; these, at least, were the chief source of income in the business, and therefore Marietta spent every odd half-hour in the manufacture of them. A visitor, when he entered, was apt to suppose that the shop was empty; for the black, curly head bent over the work, at the window behind the back counter, was not immediately discernible. It was a fascinating head, as the most unimpressionable visitor could not fail to observe when the tall figure rose from behind the counter—fascinating by reason of the beautiful hair, escaping in soft tendrils from the confining knot; fascinating still more by reason of the perfect grace of poise. The face was somewhat sallow and very thin; care and privation had left their marks upon it. The mouth was finely modeled, shrewd and humorous; but it was the eyes, dark, and richly fringed as those of a wood-nymph, that dominated the face; one had a feeling that here was where the soul looked out. To hear Marietta speak, however, was something of a disenchantment; her tone was so very matter-of-fact, her words so startlingly to the point. If the soul looked out at the eyes, the lips, at least, had little to say of it; the soul had no other outlook.

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The visitor, if a stranger, had an excellent opportunity of making his observations on these points, for Marietta usually remained standing, in a skeptical attitude, behind the distant counter until he had shown signs of "business" intentions. She was very ready to stand up and rest her back, but she had no idea of coming forward to indulge an aimless curiosity as to the origin and price of her art treasures. An old customer, on the other hand, was treated with an easy good-fellowship so marked that only those who liked "that sort of thing" ever became old customers.

"Well, how's everything?" was the usual form of greeting, as the tall, willowy figure passed round behind the counters and came opposite the newcomer.

"Did your folks like the frame?" would come next, if the customer chanced to have had a frame sent home recently. Marietta was agent for a Denver art firm, which framed pictures at a "reasonable figure"; or, rather, Jim was the agent, and Jim being Marietta's husband, and too sick a man of late to conduct his business, did not have to be reckoned with.

In spite of the fact that she was generally known as "Mrs. Jim," many people forgot that Marietta had a husband, for he was never visible now-a-days. But Marietta never forgot, never for one single instant, the wasted figure in the easy chair at the window above the shop, the pale, sunken face, with the shining eyes, turned always toward the stairway the instant her foot touched the lower step. The look of radiant welcome that greeted her as often as her head appeared above the opening on a level with the uneven deal floor; that look was always worth coming up for.

She did not bring her work and sit upstairs with Jim, because there was but one small window in the dingy, slant-roofed loft that served as bed-chamber, kitchen and parlor, and she knew he liked to sit at the window and watch the panorama of the street below. The broad, sunny Springtown thoroughfare, with its low, irregular wooden structures, likely, at any moment, to give place to ambitious business "blocks"; with its general air of incompleteness and transitoriness brought into strong relief against the near background of the Rocky Mountains, was alive with human interest. Yet, singularly enough, it was not the cowboy, mounted on his half-broken broncho, that interested Jim; not the ranch-wagon, piled high with farm-produce, women, and children; not even the Lame Gulch "stage"—a four-seated wagon, so crowded with rough-looking men that their legs dangled outside like fringe on a cowboy's "shaps"—none of these sights made much impression on the sick man at his upper window.

The work-a-day side of life was far too familiar to impress him as being picturesque or dramatic. What life he did care for, what roused and satisfied his imagination, was what was known in his vocabulary as "style." It was to the "gilded youth" of Springtown that he looked for his entertainment. He liked the yellow, fore-and-aft buckboards, he enjoyed the shining buggies, especially when their wheels were painted red; dog-carts and victorias ranked high in his esteem. He knew, to be sure, very little about horses; their most salient "points" escaped him; he gave indiscriminate approval to every well-groomed animal attached to a "stylish" vehicle, and the more the merrier! It is safe to declare that he was a distinctly happier man from that day, forward, on which Mr. Richard Dayton first dazzled the eyes of Springtown with his four-in-hand and his gorgeous liveries.

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This happened early in February, and the day chanced to be a warm one, so that Jim's window was open. He was sitting there, gazing abstractedly at the Peak which rose, a great snowy dome, above Tang Ling's shop across the way. Jim seldom spoke of the mountains, nor was he aware of paying any special attention to them. "I ain't much on Nature," he had always maintained; and since Marietta admitted the same lack in herself there seemed to be nothing in that to regret. Yet it is, nevertheless, true that Jim had his thoughts, as he sat, abstractedly gazing at those shining heights; thoughts of high and solemn things which his condition brought near to him; thoughts which he rarely said anything about. To-day, as he watched the deep blue shadows brooding upon the Peak, he was wondering, in a child-like way, what Heaven would be like. Suddenly the musical clink of silver chains struck his ear, and the look of abstraction vanished. He had never heard those bridle chains before. Somebody had got something new! A moment more, and, with a fine rush and jingle, and a clear blast from the horn, the four-in-hand dashed by.

"Hurrah!" Jim cried huskily, as Marietta's foot trod the stair.

"I say, Jim! You seen 'em?"

She came up, panting, for the stairs were very steep and narrow.

"Seen 'em? I rather guess! Wasn't it bully? Do you reckon they'll come back this way?"

"Course they will! Don't you s'pose they like to show themselves off? And the horn! Did you hear the horn, Jim? I wonder if that's the way they sound in Switzerland!"

She came up and stood with her hand on Jim's shoulder, looking down into the street.

"And just to think of it, Jim!" she said, a moment later. "They say he's made lots of money right here in mines! If we was in mines we might have made some."

"More likely to lose it," Jim answered. He was not of the stuff that speculators are made of.

The shop-bell rang, and Marietta hurried downstairs, to spend ten minutes in selling a ten-cent Easter card; while Jim sat on, forgetting his burden of weakness and pain, and all his far-away dreams, in anticipation of the returning four-in-hand.

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In Marietta, too, the jingle of the four-in-hand had struck a new keynote; her thoughts had taken a new turn. If Mr. Dayton had made money in mines, why should not she and Jim do the same? They needed it far more than he did. To him it only meant driving four horses instead of one; to them it might mean driving one horse once in a while. It might even mean giving up the tiresome, profitless shop, and going to live in a snug little house of their own, where there should be a porch for Jim in pleasant weather, and, for cold days, a sitting-room, with two windows instead of one, where she could work at her flower-books, while they planned what they should do when Jim got well. She sat over her pressed flowers, which she handled with much skill, while she revolved these thoughts in her mind. She was busy with her columbines, a large folio of which lay on a table near by. At her left hand was a pile of square cards with scalloped edges, upon which the columbines were to be affixed; at her right was a small glass window-pane smeared with what she called "stickum."

As she gently and deftly lifted the flowers, one by one, without ever breaking a fragile petal, she laid each first upon the stickum-covered square of glass, and then upon the Bristol-board. She was skillful in always placing the flower precisely where it was to remain upon the page, so that the white surface was kept unstained. Then she further

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Editor's Note—This story is a characteristic tale of Western life from Miss Fuller's collection of short stories from Peak and Prairie. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

secured each brittle stem with a tiny strip of paper pasted across the end. She lifted a card and surveyed her work critically, thinking the while, not of the wonderful golden and purple flower, holding its beautiful head with as stately a grace as if it were still swaying upon its stem, but of the great "mining-boom" that was upon the town, and of the chances of a fortune.

Half an hour had passed since the shop-bell had last tinkled, and Marietta was beginning to think of making Jim a flying call, when she heard his cane rapturously banging the door above. This was the signal for her to look out into the street, which she promptly did, and, behold! the four-in-hand had stopped before the door, a groom was standing at the leaders' heads, and the master of this splendid equipage was just coming in, his figure looming large and imposing in the doorway.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jim," he called, before he was well inside the shop. "I want one of your ten-dollar flower-books."

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Quite unmoved by the lavishness of her customer, Marietta rose, in her stately way, and drew forth several specimens of her most expensive flower-book. Dayton examined them with an attempt to be discriminating, remarking that the book was for some California friends of his wife who were inclined to be "snifty" about Colorado flowers.

"That's the best of the lot," Marietta volunteered, singling out one which her customer had overlooked.

"So it is," he replied; "do it up for me, please."

This Marietta proceeded to do in a very leisurely manner. She was making up her mind to a bold step.

"Say, Mr. Dayton," she queried, as she took the last fold in the wrapping-paper; "what's the best mine to go into?"

"The best mine? Oh, I wouldn't touch one of them if I were you!"

"Yes, you would, if you were me! So you might as well tell me a good one or I might make a mistake."

She held her head with the air of a Princess, while the look of a wood-nymph still dwelt in her shadowy eyes; but her words and tone meant "business."

"How much money have you got to lose?"

"Oh, fifty or a hundred dollars," she said carelessly.

Dayton strolled to the door and back again before he answered. He was annoyed with Mrs. Jim for placing him in such a position, but he did not see his way out of it. The next man she asked might be a sharper. His ideas of woman's "sphere" were almost mediæval, but somehow they did not seem to fit Mrs. Jim's case.

"Well," he said, at last, with evident reluctance; "the 'Horn of Plenty' doesn't seem to be any worse than the others, and it may be a grain better. But it's all a gamble, just like roulette or faro, and I should think you had better keep out of it altogether."

The "Horn of Plenty!" It was a name to appeal to the most sluggish imagination; the mere sound of it filled Marietta with a joyful confidence. Within the hour she had hailed a passing broker and negotiated with him for five hundred shares of the stock at twenty cents a share.

It was not without a strange pang, to be sure, that she wrote out her check for the amount; for, just as she was signing her name, the unwelcome thought crossed her mind that the person who was selling that amount of stock, for a hundred dollars, must believe that sum of *money* to be a more desirable possession than the stock! She felt the meaning of the situation very keenly, but she did not betray her misgivings. As she finished the scrawling signature she only lifted her head with a defiant look, and said: "If anybody tells Jim, I'll chew 'em up!"

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Inches, the broker, thus admonished, only laughed. Indeed, the thing Inches admired most in Mrs. Jim was her forcible manner of expressing herself. He admired and liked her well enough, for that and for other reasons, to take a very disinterested pleasure in putting her in the way of turning an honest penny.

The broker's faith in the "Horn of Plenty" was almost as implicit as Marietta's own, and it was with no little pride that he brought the certificate in to her the following day and unfolded it to her dazzled contemplation. It was a very beauteous production, done in green and gold, the design being suggestive and encouraging. It represented a woman, clad in green, pointing with a magic golden wand in her left hand toward a group of toiling green miners, while from a golden cornucopia, in her right, she poured a shower of gold upon an already portentous pyramid of that valuable metal, planted upon a green field.

As Marietta refolded the crisply rustling paper, Inches bent his head toward her and said confidentially: "She's bound to touch fifty cents inside of thirty days;" and Marietta, still thinking of the bountiful lady of the golden cornucopia, believed him.

"Inside of thirty days" the "H. O. P." as it was familiarly called, was selling at forty-five cents, and the world was very much agog on the subject. There had been fluctuations in the meanwhile, fluctuations which Marietta had watched with eager intentness. Once, on the strength of disquieting rumors about the management, the stock dropped to sixteen cents and Marietta's hopes sank accordingly. She felt as if she had picked Jim's pocket. But the "H. O. P." soon rallied, and day by day it crept upward, while Marietta's spirits crept upward with it, cautiously, questioningly. Should she sell? Should she hold on? If only she might talk it over with Jim! That was something she poignantly missed; she had never had a secret from Jim before. To make up for her reticence on this point, she used to tell him more minutely than ever of all that went on in the shop below. Jim thought he had never known Marietta so entertaining.

"I say, Marietta, it's a shame you're nothing but a shopkeeper's wife!" he said to her one evening as she sat darning stockings by the lamplight in the dingy attic room. "You'd ought to have been a Duchess, or a Governor's wife, or something like that, so's folks would have found out how smart you was. You're awful smart, Marietta."

"Listen at him!" cried Marietta.

The words might have offended the taste of the Governor who had failed to secure this valuable matrimonial alliance, but the poise of the pretty head, as she cast an affectionate look upon Jim, lying on the old sofa, would have graced the proudest Duchess of them all. Now, the "Horn of Plenty" was a Lame Gulch stock, and, since the mining camp of Lame Gulch had been in existence less than a year, the value of any mine up there was a very doubtful quantity. It was, perhaps, the proximity of the camp to Springtown that fired the imagination of the Springtown public, perhaps the daily coming and going of people between the two points. Be that as it may, the head must have been a very level one indeed that could keep its balance through all the excitement of that winter's "boom." There were many residents of Springtown who had a sentiment for the Peak, more intelligent and more imaginative than any Marietta could boast, yet it is probable that the best Nature-lover of them all shared something of her feeling, now that she had come to regard the Peak as the mountain on the other side of which lay the unknown treasures of Lame Gulch.

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"Just the other side of the Peak!" What magic in those words, spoken from time to time by one and another of the Springtown people. "Just the other side of the Peak!" Marietta would say to herself, lifting to the noble mountain eyes bright with an interest such as he, in his grandest mood, had never awakened there before.

Suppose the "Horn of Plenty" should go to a dollar!—to five dollars—to ten dollars—to twenty-five dollars! Her mind took the leap with ease and confidence. Had not Bill Sanders said that there were forty millions in it, and had he not seen the mine with his own eyes? Marietta had a mental picture of a huge mountain of solid gold, and when, to complete the splendor of the impression, men talked of "free gold," the term seemed to her to signify a buoyant quality, the quality of pouring itself out in spontaneous plenty. She heard much talk of this kind, for the "H. O. P." was the topic of the hour, and her customers discussed it among themselves. Forty millions almost in plain sight! That was forty dollars a share, and she had five hundred shares! And all this time she was thinking, not of wealth and luxury, but only of a snug cottage in a side street, where there should be two windows in the sitting-room, where she might sit and chat with Jim while she made her flower-books, planning what they should do when he got well. How little she asked; how reasonable it was; how fair! And if only the "H. O. P." were to go to five dollars a share she would venture it.

Meanwhile people were bidding forty-five cents, and Inches had called twice in one morning to ask if she would not sell at that price.

"What makes them want it so much?" she asked on the occasion of his second visit.

"Oh, just an idea they've got that it's going higher," Inches answered, with assumed indifference.

"Well, s'posing it is; why should I sell?"

"Why, you'd have a pretty good thing in it, and you might like to have your bird in hand, you know. It is safer, too."

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Marietta sat down to her flower-books and worked on composedly, while Inches still lingered.

"That's a real pretty painting of the Peak over there," he remarked presently, nodding his head toward a crude representation of that much-travestied mountain.

Marietta knew better, but she said nothing.

"What do you ask for that, now?" he persisted.

"Oh, I guess about a hundred dollars," she returned, facetiously. "The Peak comes high nowadays, 'cause Lame Gulch is right 'round on the other side."

There was another pause before the broker spoke again.

"Then, s'posing I could get you forty-six cents for your stock, would you take it? That's rather above the market price, you know, Mrs. Jim."

"'Tain't up to my price," said Marietta, trying to make a group of painter's brushes look artistic. "My price is higher."

"What would you take for it, then?" asked Inches. "Give me some idea."

Marietta put down her work and drew herself up, to rest her back and make an end of the interview at a blow.

"Look here, Mr. Inches," she said, with decision; "seeing you want the stock so bad, I guess I'll hold on to it!"

She was still holding on with unwavering persistence when, a few days after that, Dayton came into the shop. He wondered, as he entered the door, what could be the unpleasant association that was aroused in him by the familiar atmosphere of skins, and dried flowers, and general "stock in trade" which pervaded the place. No sooner did his eye fall upon Marietta coming toward him, however, than he recalled the distasteful part of adviser which had been forced upon him on the occasion of his last visit. He tried to think that he had washed his hands of the whole matter, but, "Mrs. Jim," he found himself saying, "did you go into mines the other day?"

"Yes."

"What did you buy?"

"H. O. P."

"What did you pay?"

"Twenty cents."

"Sold yet?"

"No."

Dayton took the little parcel she was handing him. He had come in for a lead-pencil, and had bought, in addition, a stamp box, a buttonhook, and a plated silver photograph frame, not one of which newly acquired treasures he had the slightest use for. They were very neatly tied up, however. He wished Mrs. Jim would stick to her legitimate business, which she did uncommonly well.

"I think I would sell out my 'H. O. P.' if I were you," he said.

"Isn't it going any higher?" she asked.

"Very likely; but it's a swindle."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean that the management's bad, and they don't know the first thing about what they've got, anyway. Honestly, Mrs. Jim, it isn't safe to hold."

Marietta's heart sank; if she sold her stock what was to become of the little house with the two windows in the sitting-room?

She did not reply, and Dayton went on:

"Of course," he said; "I can't tell that the thing won't go to a dollar, but there is really no basis for it. I've sold out every share I held, and I don't regret it, though it has gone up ten points since then."

Marietta regarded him attentively. There was no mistaking his sincerity—and he probably knew what he was talking about.

"Well," she said at last, with a profound sigh, "I guess I'll do as you say. It worked pretty well the other time."

"That's right, Mrs. Jim, and suppose you let me have your stock. I can probably get you fifty cents for it in the course of the day."

She took the certificate from a drawer close at hand, and having signed it she gave one lingering farewell look at the green lady and her golden horn.

"I may as well write a check for the amount now," Dayton said.

"But maybe you can't get it."

"More likely to get a little over. If I do I'll bring it in. I'll do my best for you."

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Dayton looked into her face as he spoke, and its beauty struck him as pathetic. There were lines and shadows there which he had not noticed before.

"I wish, Mrs. Jim," he said, "that you wouldn't do anything more in mines; it's an awfully risky business. There isn't one of us that knows the first thing about it."

She gave him a skeptical look; was he so entirely sincere, after all?

"Some of you know enough about it to make an awful lot of money in it," she answered quietly.

"That isn't knowledge," he declared; "it's luck!"

"Comes to the same thing in the end," said Marietta.

If it had not been for those pathetic lines and shadows, Dayton would have turned on his heel then and there, disgusted with what seemed to him unfeminine shrewdness. As it was, he said: "Well, then, why not let me be your broker? I'm on the street half the time, and I could attend to your business a great deal better than you could."

Marietta did not commit herself to any agreement. She put her check away, still too regretful about the dreams she had relinquished to rejoice in the mere doubling of her money.

(CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER)

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Gladstone as a China Expert.—Some years ago Mr. Gladstone went to stay with a nobleman who had a large and beautiful collection of china, and who determined to test Mr. Gladstone's knowledge of it (being rather skeptical in the matter). Accordingly he took a plate, lovely to look at, but of no special value, and had a mark of his own design burned in.

The day after Mr. Gladstone's arrival, when he was examining the china, his host produced the plate, and asked what china he thought it was, and what was the mark. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Gladstone replied, "The plate is of no value, and the mark is a spurious one!"

The Songs His Mother Sang

By E. V. Wilson

BENEATH the hot midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered, "Nay, I cannot, please;
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
At home, long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We are all true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong, clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm,
"'Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?'"

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves,
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender memories thrilled.

Ended the song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all; good-night, my friends;
God grant you sweet repose."

Out spoke the Captain: "Sing one more."
The soldier bent his head;
Then, smiling as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said,

"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call—
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought;
As on and on he sang,
Man after man fell into line,
And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree-tops tall;
The "everlasting hills" called back,
In answer, "Lord of all."

The songs are done—the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But, ah! the depth of every soul
By those old hymns was stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip
Rises, in murmurs low,
The prayer the mother taught her boy
At home, long years ago.

—Yarmouth Messenger.

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Dividing the Heirlooms

THE WINTERBOURNE TREASURES

By Marjorie Richardson

THE old Camford Station carriage, drawn by a melancholy black beast with a wisp of a tail and a scraggy mane, moved slowly along the causeway. The horse lifted his feet heavily as though a four-pound weight were attached to each hoof, and scuffed through the dust, sending clouds of the gray powder through the paneless windows of the old hack. Jeffrey Winterbourne leaned far back in his corner of the carriage and wiped the grimy tears ostentatiously from his eyes.

"Yes, dear," said young Mrs. Winterbourne sympathetically, "I know the dust is awful, and the horse, too—" putting her head out of the window and glancing at the gently ambling steed. "Whipping seems to do no good, either. It just makes him go up and down a little faster in one spot, and doesn't urge him ahead any. But what can you expect in a deserted little village like this?"

"Oh," yawned Winterbourne, "I don't complain of the horse. It is the natural gait for him to assume after serving for the last twenty years in funeral processions—and, of course, that is the only use a horse could possibly be put to here—but I can't help thinking of the cruise we have been done out of, all on account of an old lady's whim. Why couldn't she have raffled off the heirlooms? Saved no end of bother—and fighting, too, I fancy."

"Now, Jeffrey," returned his wife a little sharply, "I hope you mean to show more diplomacy than that while we are at The Locusts, or every one will think you take no interest, and some little insignificant thing that no one else cares for will be shoved off on us, and you know I have set my heart on having the picture of your great-grandmother Winterbourne."

"A dowdy-looking girl with china-blue eyes, shoulders shaped like an hour-glass, dressed in a table-cloth or some window curtains, and the canvas so black now that it looks like a spirit picture. No, Nina, I sha'n't work for that. You'll have to fight for the Copley yourself if you want it. The only thing I really care for is the silver punch-bowl Aaron Burr gave my great-grandmother on her wedding-day. Now, that—hello! are we at The Locusts at last?" he exclaimed suddenly, as the carriage lumbered into a driveway bordered on each side by lines of large, overhanging locust trees. "Nina, get on your company smile, for there is step-grandmamma on the veranda with her adoring relatives gathered about her like bees after honey."

Mrs. Winterbourne had risen to greet them as they stepped from the carriage on their arrival, as did, also, all the relatives.

On the death of old Philip Winterbourne, his second wife had come into the possession of a number of valuable relics, which, the will specified, she was to dispose of exactly as she saw fit.

Now, as she never did anything in the way one naturally expected her to, the heirlooms had not been hers a month before she wrote to the Winterbourne grandchildren, requesting their immediate presence at The Locusts, the old homestead in Camford.

Although the unpleasant duty of distributing the relics had been imposed upon her—so the letter said—she had decided to throw off the responsibility by allowing the heirs to divide the things up among themselves, so they could all be suited.

"Your grandfather," she had said in conclusion, "left this task to me, instead of doing it himself, because—as you well know—it is a Winterbourne trait to avoid everything disagreeable."

"His second marriage," Jeffrey Winterbourne had pointedly observed at the time, "most emphatically belies that remark."

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Mrs. Winterbourne's summons had been obeyed instantly. The heirs flocked at once to the old homestead. Mr. Sydney Winterbourne, sighing with dyspepsia, left his comfortable bachelor quarters at Salem without a protest. Young Mrs. Pendleton Morgan—who was formerly Sally Winterbourne—escorted by her husband, deserted Philadelphia the day after the receipt of the letter. Even Miss Dorinda Winterbourne turned her face on Boston, a month earlier than was her custom, and stopped to inhale the less intellectual air of Camford. And after a good deal of grumbling, Jeffrey Winterbourne, with his young wife, had given up a two-weeks' yachting trip, and obeyed the peremptory orders of his step-grandmother's explicit letter.

There they all were on the veranda, sitting in the stiff-backed chairs provided by their hostess, looking like so many stone images of the Egyptian kings—an incongruous little party of heirs.

"So kind of you, grandmamma," Mrs. Jeffrey said sweetly after the first greetings were over, "to give up these old Winterbourne heirlooms that you must prize so highly."

"Yes, it is an unusually thoughtful thing for any one to do," acquiesced Mrs. Pendleton Morgan hastily.

"But I am sure we all appreciate the sacrifice," put in Miss Dorinda, with a sidewise simper at her elderly relative, "don't we?" casting a soft, appealing glance at the group on the piazza.

"Eminently," replied Mr. Sydney Winterbourne, his speech rendered a trifle unintelligible by the pepsin tablet on his tongue.

"No sacrifice at all," said Mrs. Winterbourne bluntly, without looking up from her knitting-work. "It is all on my own account, for I did not want the trouble of willing the things away. Besides that, it upsets my nerves to have people waiting around for me to die. Now don't trouble to disclaim that, any one of you. I know the remarks that would have been made: 'I shall hang the Copley there, after my step-grandmother dies,'" mincing the words out in a thin, high voice. "'I shall have punch served in the old Aaron Burr punch-bowl if my step-grandmother ever goes off,'"—this last in a deep growl with an off-hand shake of the head that sent the iron-gray curls on either side of her temples bobbing up and down. "Don't try to soften the world down for me. I know it well."

There was a snap in the old lady's eyes, and a flame in her cheeks, that made one as wary of entering into an argument with her now as in the years gone by.

"Er—that punch-bowl is a fine bit of silver," remarked Morgan hastily. "Do you remember it, Jeffrey? Why not all come in and take a look at the whole collection? Grandmother has spread them out in fine array for us."

"That's right," said the elderly woman, rising briskly and leading the way into the library. "To business at once. The quicker the choice is made, the better."

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She threw up the window-shades with a snap, and the slowly setting sun filled the room with an amber glow that touched the punch-bowl aslant, giving its gleaming sides an extra burnish, and shone full on the treasured Copley, bringing out the quaint picture of Theodora Winterbourne clearly on the dark canvas. The painting was leaning against an old gilt harp, the property of the same Theodora Winterbourne—and bits of antique furniture, old silver pieces and bric-à-brac were scattered about the room.

"You know that this portrait," said Miss Dorinda, putting her hand caressingly on the frame with a touch of ownership, "was in the house on Beacon Hill—my home, you know—at the time of the evacuation of Boston. Sir Jeffrey Winterbourne—Theodora's father—was a Tory, you remember, and this picture was taken from the walls when he left the city. It has always seemed to me that—that—it ought to be restored to its old place," looking around for assent at Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Jeffrey Winterbourne.

"In other words," said Mrs. Morgan, with a direct glance at her Boston cousin, "you think that you ought to have it? You think it ought to be hung in your home?"

"Well, from a sentimental point of view—yes," murmured Miss Dorinda.

"Why, then," exclaimed Nina Winterbourne eagerly, "if it is the romance of the thing that we are to consider, I think Jeffrey should have the Copley, for he bears the very name of the old Tory who owned it, don't you know, 'Sir Jeffrey Winterbourne'?"

"Only 'mister,'" put in Jeffrey plaintively from the other end of the room, where the three men were examining the old punch-bowl with covetous eyes. Then: "Well, what have you decided about the portrait? I am rather inclined to think it should go to the oldest heir."

A pink flush spread over Miss Dorinda's face, and she became suddenly absorbed in making out the inscription on the cover of an old snuff-box.

"There is no oldest heir when it is a woman," grunted Sydney Winterbourne under his breath. Then aloud: "The portrait does not concern me at all, but I own I want the punch-bowl."

"So do I," announced Jeffrey calmly.

"And I," put in Morgan.

"You forget; you are not a Winterbourne," reminded Sydney. "You have no right of choice."

"But I have," cried Sally vivaciously, "and I think the Copley should go where old families are recognized and appreciated, as they are only in Philadelphia. There is a space in our gallery, where Penn's ancestral portraits are hung, just large enough for this picture—and it is a conspicuous place for it, too, and in a fine light. If this comes to me I don't care anything about who gets the punch-bowl."

"Nor I. It is so suggestive of—liquor," shuddered Miss Dorinda Winterbourne.

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"Remarkable characteristic of a punch-bowl," breathed Jeffrey. "Why not toss up for these two relics that are in such demand?" he added, addressing the entire group.

"Oh," said Nina with a protesting little cry. "No! you might lose."

"Of course, if you gamble, some one must lose," observed her husband in despair.

"I am sorry to interrupt this agreeable little family conclave," broke in old Mrs. Winterbourne suddenly, her sharp eyes glancing from one flushed face to the other. "But tea is ready. You can resume your earnest discussion immediately afterward, you know."

The evening dragged itself wearily away until, by eight o'clock, the monotony became unbearable to Jeffrey Winterbourne.

"There is some sort of a town-meeting over in Daneville," he confided to the two men. "I saw a notice posted up as we came through. What do you say to walking over? It will take us a good hour, but it is a fine night and these rural autocrats are sometimes amusing; besides," he added *sotto voce*, "Daneville has the inestimable advantage of not being The Locusts."

His suggestion met with instant favor.

"But, Jeffrey," complained his wife nervously, "you won't be home till eleven or twelve, and with all this silver spread out, and no man in the house——"

Old Mrs. Winterbourne gave an indignant sort of sniff.

"Rubbish and gammon, Pauline," she said. "I should like to know if I am not capable of taking care of my own house? The silver will be put in the safe, and at night I always keep two loaded pistols on the hall table at the head of the stairs."

"How accommodating of you," exclaimed Jeffrey. "I leave my punch-bowl in your charge then, grandmother, and I bid you all good-night with a feeling of perfect security," and in another moment the three men were tramping along the country road toward Daneville, fully enjoying their freedom.

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The women thus deserted tried drearily to keep up a conversation until the great clock in the hall struck ten. Then Sally Morgan rose with alacrity.

"Good-night," she said. "This is my bed-hour in the country. Would you mind if I lighted the lamp in the library for just one minute, grandmother?" she added in a lower tone. "I want to see how my—how the Copley looks by evening light."

"We will all come," said Miss Dorinda eagerly, "for I wish to look at it again to-night myself."

Old Mrs. Winterbourne lighted the lamp, and then moved energetically about the room locking the windows, and putting some of the most valuable silver pieces into the small safe which was built into the wall near the chimney-place.

The other women stood silently before the coveted portrait.

"If it comes to me, I shall have the frame changed," said Sally Morgan at length, rubbing her finger critically across the tarnished gilt. "Cipher gets up delightful old-fashioned frames if you are willing to pay for them. Now, Cousin Dorinda, don't look so shocked, and Nina, you are only a connection by marriage. There is no need of your drawing down the corners of your mouth like that. You know very well that such a worm-eaten old specimen wouldn't be tolerated anywhere—except, perhaps, in Boston," she added under her breath. Miss Dorinda was heard to murmur something which sounded like "vandal." She felt strongly about it.

"Nonsense," cried Sally in her sprightly way. "You shall see how much better one of Cipher's frames will bring out that picture. Here, Nina, help me draw it forward a little; I want to see if I can get any music out of this old harp. The strings seem to be really in very good condition."

She screwed up several of them and struck a hoarse, wailing chord.

"Horrors," she cried, putting both hands to her ears. "Lean the picture back again. This harp will never do for anything more than a rest for its mistress' portrait."

"I thought ten o'clock was your bed-hour, Sarah," remarked old Mrs. Winterbourne from the doorway.

"Yes, grandmother, we are coming," cried Sally, putting out the light hastily and groping her way into the hall. "How drowsy country air makes one," she said, stifling a yawn as they all ascended the stairs together. "There is no need of sowing sleep-seed here, I shall be dreaming in five minutes."

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And true to her word, she was dancing the minuet with Aaron Burr before the others had put out their lamps—priding herself on the grace of her curtsy, and listening to his whispered flatteries with an eager ear. It seemed to her that she had been asleep a long time when Nina's voice close to her ear roused her.

Young Mrs. Winterbourne was standing in the moonlight beside her bed and was shaking her violently.

"For mercy's sake," she was saying between her chattering teeth, "wake up, Sally. We're being robbed."

Mrs. Morgan sat up in bed, and with her woman's first instinct opened her mouth to scream, but Miss Dorinda's hand was pressed on her lips.

"Don't be a simpleton," said the spinster in a harsh whisper. "You don't want to lose everything we have. The thieves are down in the library picking the lock of the safe, and the men are not back yet. If they hear a sound they will just take what they can and leave. They'll probably murder us too," she added hastily, as she saw by Sally's expression that that thought brought relief.

"Can't we call grandmother?" moaned Mrs. Morgan helplessly.

"No, we can't. Her room is in the wing, and besides, we have no time to lose. We must go down at once and—shoot them."

The spirit of '76 was speaking in Miss Dorinda now. The simpering spinster of the afternoon had made place for the resolute woman determined to protect her property.

"I was going down for a glass of water," she continued, "and from the hall I distinctly heard the click of their tools. Nina has the big musket which hung in the front chamber. I have one of the pistols, and here is the other for you. Don't hold it by the muzzle, child!"

"We must creep down to the library door," quavered Nina Winterbourne, "and wait till we hear the sound again, then we must all fire; and for pity's sake don't have hysterics, Sally. Pretend you are brave."

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Shivering and breathless, but too frightened to rebel, Mrs. Morgan followed the two women as they stole noiselessly down the stairs till they reached the library door. Then came an awful moment of waiting. The solemn "tick, tick" of the hall clock only made the silence all the more terrible. Miss Dorinda raised her pistol and listened. Suddenly there came from the library an unmistakable sound—a scraping noise followed by a sharp click.

"Fire," shrieked Miss Dorinda, discharging her pistol. There was a roll like heavy musketry from Nina's weapon, followed by a loud crash, for Mrs. Morgan's nerves had deserted her completely, and instead of firing she had thrown her pistol in the direction of the safe and clasped her hands over her face.

There was a sound of something breaking—a heavy fall, and then all was still.

Jeffrey Winterbourne was fitting the latch-key to the front door when the deafening uproar arose and died away. He dashed into the house in a second's time, and hurriedly lighted the hall-lamp so that Sydney Winterbourne and Morgan, who had been loitering behind, caught sight of the strange scene immediately after they heard the report of the pistols. Sally Morgan lay in a dead faint on the hall floor, and Nina Winterbourne crouched against the wall with both hands pressed over her eyes. Miss Dorinda stood straight and firm beside them, gazing, by the aid of the sudden flood of light, into the library. Several frightened-looking maids were peeping over the balusters, and old Mrs. Winterbourne's voice could be heard calling anxiously from above, inquiring about the immediate cause of the commotion.

Miss Dorinda glanced around once, mechanically, at the little group of pale-faced men, and then looked back at the corner of the library.

"Sally strung up the harp last night," she said in a strange voice. "She forgot to loosen the strings again, and the dampness snapped them one by one. We thought it was burglars breaking into the safe. We have protected our property, and we have ruined—my Copley."

"Well," began Jeffrey the next morning at breakfast, breaking the silence that had ensued ever since the gathering about the table. "As yet we have not accomplished the errand which brought us all together at The Locusts."

"The Locusts," repeated old Mrs. Winterbourne in derision. "Better for the time call it The Hornets. When I asked you here I supposed you would each show some amiability and divide the relics as fairly as possible."

"But, grandmother," expostulated Miss Dorinda with gentle irritability, "don't you think it was natural for us each to want the heirloom of the greatest ancestral value in the Winterbourne family?"

"No—can't understand it at all. I am a Jones," returned the older woman sharply. "From what I have always heard, these heirlooms have brought nothing but quarreling ever since they left their original owners. But the Copley will never be fought over again," she added a trifle triumphantly.

"Of course the most desirable thing to be had now is the punch-bowl," remarked Mrs. Morgan suggestively.

"Oh, why don't you still take the Copley and tell the old families of Philadelphia that the canvas was punctured by the bullets fired by the descendants of William the Conqueror, and that you would rather part with the picture than the holes?" proposed Nina rather venomously.

"The punch-bowl would be counted an acquisition," began the Boston off-shoot.

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"Oh, Cousin Dorinda," rebuked Jeffrey, "think of the liquor it has held! On the night of Theodora Winterbourne's wedding, Aaron Burr filled his glass from it with the toast: 'Our country-women—for whom we would die—but for whom we should die,' and then proceeded to die by drinking to each country-woman present. Think of it, Cousin Dorinda, think of it."

"Ye-e-s, I know, but I could turn it into a flower-bowl and keep it filled with roses——"

"I am the eldest male Winterbourne," interrupted Sydney gruffly. "It should be given to me, and cause no ill-feeling, either."

"Reflect a moment on the horrible indigestion the contents of the flowing bowl would surely give you," reminded Jeffrey. "Though, perhaps, in making the punch you might omit the lemon, and sugar, and spirits, retaining only the hot water."

"You are too flippant, Cousin Jeffrey," said Miss Dorinda peevishly. "We shall never come to a decision if you rattle on like this. Do be sensible."

"It is an absurd idea any way, leaving the choice to us," grumbled Sydney. "Grandmother, you did wrong in not interpreting the will more literally."

At this rebuke a dangerous light shone in Mrs. Winterbourne's eyes, and the flame deepened to crimson on her cheeks, but she merely pressed her lips together and took no part in the discussion that followed. The grandfather—heretofore always spoken of with the reverence amounting almost to awe, which the descendants accorded to every Winterbourne ancestor—was now severely censured for the careless disposition of the heirlooms. His wife was also blamed—as openly as the relatives dared in the elderly woman's presence—for shirking the duty thus placed upon her. Then when all of that was left behind, and the punch-bowl brought up again, the conversation grew more and more heated. Miss Dorinda wept scalding tears when her claims were derided. Mr. Sydney Winterbourne lapsed into a surly state of grufiness when his demand was pronounced preposterous. Mrs. Pendleton Morgan grew speechless with indignation because no one would even listen to the punch-bowl being carried to Philadelphia; and the whole group turned fiercely upon Jeffrey when he serenely announced that if he did not receive the coveted bowl, he would insist on having it sold for old silver. There seemed to be no way of satisfying the claimants. Four Winterbournes clamoring for one heirloom made the position difficult.

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In the midst of the fracas old Mrs. Winterbourne, with a resolute step and erect head, left the dining-room. She went directly into the library—decision written in every line of her face—and seized the silver bowl in a firm grasp. A moment later she was in the kitchen, and had picked up a heavy hatchet lying near the stove; then she went hurriedly to the kitchen-table, on which was her meat-board; then turning the punch-bowl sideways on the meat-board she immediately began pounding it with the hatchet, using all her strength. In a few seconds it was an unshapely mass of broken silver, which no one would have recognized as having once been the much-disputed punch-bowl.

"I have carried out the directions of the will now to the letter," she said, grimly looking at the ruined bowl. "It will never cause any more dissension or discussion. I do not intend to undergo any more of it. I have disposed of this heirloom as I saw fit."

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A Judicial Boomerang.—An irascible old judge, being annoyed by a young lawyer's speaking to him about a legal point in the street, threatened to fine him for contempt of court if he did not cease to annoy. "Why, Judge," said the lawyer, "you are not in session!" "I'd have you know that this court is always in session, and consequently it is always a subject of contempt, sir."

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Trade Awakening of Japan

IN JAPAN'S new Cabinet are several young men who have imbibed much of the commercial spirit of the age, says the Detroit Journal. They are aggressive young fellows who are committed to the developing of the material resources of the Empire. Prime Minister Ito, who for the third time is at the head of the Cabinet, is disposed to give his young colleagues wide latitude in which to carry out their policy of building up the industries of the country.

Last year over five hundred miles of new railway were constructed in Japan, and this year it is proposed to build even a greater mileage. All told, there are two thousand miles of railway in Japan, and in order to make them pay they must be fed with the traffic that springs out of commercial activity. These railways belong both to the Government and private corporations, and connect the principal cities of the Empire.

In order to stimulate manufactures, the new Cabinet desires to negotiate a commercial treaty. Germany has been selected as one of the countries which will be invited to enter such a treaty. The Japanese argue that Germany manufactures machinery which they need, and consumes the products which they manufacture. Therefore a commercial treaty with Germany is looked upon as a desirable acquisition.

This eagerness, on the part of the Japs, to secure a commercial treaty, under which the products of the two countries thereto may be advantageously exchanged, ought to attract the attention of our Government. Germany produces no machinery that we do not produce and she consumes no Japanese products that we do not consume. We can secure the trade of Japan if we go after it on terms that will be acceptable to the new Cabinet, but we cannot get it if we remain inactive and silent while Germany is pursuing the prize.

We ought to furnish the Japanese the greater part of their railway iron, and their rolling stock, but we furnish them only a small fraction of what they use. We ought to furnish them the machinery they use in their cotton and silk mills, but we do not furnish any to speak of. We ought to have a market there for our machinery, agricultural implements, etc., but the foreigners on the other side of the Atlantic enjoy a monopoly of what we ought to share.

The Japanese like us. They are trying to make their system of Government analogous to ours, so far as it is possible to make a monarchy resemble a republic. In view of this we ought to compete with Germany for the trade of the Japanese, and if necessary make such concessions as would secure for us a continuing market for our staples, and the products of our mills and factories, which now glut the channels of home consumption. Japan wants to trade with the outside world; why not have her trade with this country?

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New Way to Elect Senators

DISCUSSION of the wisdom of changing the method of electing United States Senators is revived by the recent elections of Senators in many States, the deadlocks over a choice existing in others, and the steady decadence of the Federal Senate, says a writer in the New York Observer. It is urged, against the present method, that the Senators chosen often do not fairly represent the people of their respective States, that they frequently acquire their seats by corrupt practices, and so are disposed to regard them as personal possessions for which they have no responsibility to the people. The theory of the framers of the Constitution was that the election of Senators by Legislatures, which they assumed would be composed of the most enlightened citizens, would assure a more deliberate choice, and return a higher class of statesmen to the Senate than any other method. But excellent as that theory is, it has broken down in actual operation, owing to the decadence of the State Legislatures as the result of popular indifference, and the consequent enormous development of the power of the political machine. The nomination of Senators is now made in party legislative caucuses, and so is generally a mere matter of partisan politics; and as the legislators are in large part named by the machine, and only record its will, the Senators chosen often do not represent the people, but merely the will of the bosses.

Men are frequently nominated, and elected, who could command no support under popular suffrage, and whose defeat in a State convention would be certain, and others are chosen whose availability for the position has scarcely been considered prior to the meeting of the party caucus. Moreover, the present methods makes possible constant legislative deadlocks over Senatorial elections, no less than four existing now, with the result to defeat the purpose of the present constitutional provision—the equal representation of the States in the Senate. It is urged that the adoption of a constitutional amendment providing for the popular election of Senators, or the nomination of candidates by the people of any State in party conventions, their choice to be binding upon the Legislatures, would remedy the deadlock evil, and also return men of higher ability and integrity.

That the proposed changes would remove the first evil is certain, but that they would improve the character of representation in the Senate is not so clear, for the machine which can manipulate State Legislatures can also manage State conventions. The fact, too, that of the nearly nine hundred Senators serving since the organization of the Government, about one-fourth have, either before or after such service, been members of the House or Governors of States, would seem to show that Senators are, as a rule, fairly representative of the people of their respective States. The fact is that the people of a State are the State so far as choosing Senators is concerned; that they elect the State Legislatures, and that if they carefully and intelligently discharged that duty the quality of the Senate would be improved.

What is most needed is not a change in the method of electing Senators, but a deeper interest on the part of the people in the duties of citizenship. If, however, as is insisted, indifference and machine power have become too firmly rooted to give way to any appeal, the proposed change, as an additional safeguard against Senatorial decadence and as a stimulus to independence of public opinion, might wisely be adopted.

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The Fame of Illustrators

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S posthumous article in Harper's about his two predecessors, Leech and Keene, says the Boston Journal, leads the Chap-Book to doubt the permanency of our most conspicuous society artists. It claims that historical accuracy and the selection of an enduring type are the necessary requirements of the art that lasts, and that no grace in technique can save the name and fame of an illustrator who has not portrayed, with fullness and comprehension, the life of the world about him. The places of Leech, Keene and Du Maurier are secure, it believes, but it doubts whether so much can be said for Mr. Gibson or Mr. Wenzell.

Mr. Gibson receives more attention than any living American illustrator. There is no doubt of that. His pictures always hang on the line, as it were, while much more capable drawings are skied. There is no doubt of that either. Nothing that he does is too careless or unfinished to "go," and the girl who cannot say "There's a Gibson" at the right moment, is looked down upon by her associates in the boarding-school. Yet the Chap-Book thinks that he gives a great deal, but not New York, and that Mr. Wenzell, though charming as an artist, is incomplete as a historian. Of all the black-and-white artists of the country, it selects Mr. Remington as the one whose reputation is most likely to last, and adds that "when the prettinesses of the Life coterie are forgotten, Mr. Remington will still be studied for the knowledge to be derived from him."

If this is true, and time alone can tell, an illustrator with one eye on his future ought to select his subjects with great care. If Mr. Remington is to be studied by our grandchildren because he draws cowboys and other things that are passing away, and is to receive more attention than is given to just as artistic sketches of other subjects, Mr. Gibson might take to drawing horse-cars (with his pen and brush, and not in harness), Mr. Wenzell to picturing toll-bridges, and Mr. Woolf to illustrating travel by stage-coaches. Did Chip throw away all his right to notice because he devoted so much time to dogs? Will not Mr. Attwood's political pages be intelligible in twenty years? At any rate, five hundred dollars per picture while one is alive is to be preferred to several tombstones, no matter how much relic-hunters have chipped them for souvenirs.

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Value of Coal Stations

THE command of the sea now depends on the control of fortified coal stations, remarks Harper's Weekly. Coal is the breath of the Empire. Prince Henry, of Prussia, and his mailed fist, on board the Deutschland, would be drifting helpless and impotent if it were not for English coal supplied at seven English coal stations. To reach China, he and his mailed fist are absolutely dependent on the good will of the British. To carry out the Kaiser's orders, he requires English coal. To stop him, England would not require to declare war. The gospel of the Kaiser's anointed person cannot be spread beyond the German Ocean if England should refuse the necessary coal. German coal stations cannot be improvised. The British fleet in China is probably strong enough, single-handed, to cut off the coal supply of Russian, German, and French men-of-war. With Japan, England commands the sea, and Japan is heart and soul with England. Swift colliers (convoyed in the event of war) would sustain the fighting power of the British China squadron. What about Russia and Germany? They have no coal stations, except the French stores at Dakar and Madagascar. France has few colliers, and no means of maintaining the coal supply of her fleet in the Gulf of Pechili. No coal is available for the three Powers should England and Japan agree to refuse them entrance to the coaling stations. If the fumes of the Jubilee have disappeared, the memory of the fleet at Spithead on June 26, with all its defects, keeps up the price of consols and enables level-headed Englishmen to sleep o' nights even while Germany, France and Russia are nosing at the stranded carcass of China.

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As a Frenchman Sees Us

A FRENCH engineer who has been on a tour of inspection, was not impressed by the big things in this country. "I shall report to my Government," says he, "that the biggest things in America are the little things. The French people are experts in domestic economy, and live comfortably by saving what average families in the United States throw away. But Americans are, on the other hand, experts in industrial economy. They make money by saving wastage in business, and lose some of it by wastage in domestic economy.

"The attention paid to small details in big works is amazing to me; I have visited some establishments where I believe that the profits are made, not in the manufacture proper, but in the saving of materials and labor by close attention to details that are looked upon as trifles by us. For example, I saw a grindstone in operation in a large establishment automatically sharpening lathe and planer tools. This machine costs probably as much as 100 of our ordinary grindstones cost, but I see that it automatically grinds all the tools for 300 high-priced mechanics, and it only works a few hours each day. The skilled mechanics in our country frequently stop their regular work to grind their own tools, and then do it only imperfectly. In the United States tools are all accurately ground to the best shape by the machine, so that the men can do more and better work on this account in a given time. I believe that that machine has brains—the brains of the inventor—and it has no doubt revolutionized work of this kind in American machine shops. This is but one case out of many that I have noted during my stay in the country."

The visitor correctly defined a peculiar characteristic of American inventive genius. The vast engineering achievements, the immense manufacturing establishments and the leviathan machinery are, of course, most conspicuous and impressive, but these big things are comparatively few in number, while the novel improvements in little things—usually classed as "yankee notions"—are legion, and each contributes its mite toward the general sum of the country's business prosperity. It is certainly wise to give full attention to all details.—Invention.

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Searching for Major Andree

THE announcement that an expedition is presently to be started in search of Andree, says the Chicago Record, will recall forcibly to the public mind the remarkable hardihood and bravery of the three men who risked their lives in search of the North Pole. Save for a note brought back by a carrier pigeon in July of last year, not a word has been heard of the party which took the balloon from Dane's Island.

In spite of numerous rumors it has become pretty well understood that Andree and his two comrades, if still alive, are in a location inaccessible until the breaking of the winter season. Andree carried provisions upon which the party could subsist for a period of nine months. In other words, if the party has been able to make a landing somewhere on the ice-pack of the far North, its members would be able to keep alive until some time next month, and, in all probability, even for a while longer.

But as to the site on which the balloon probably landed there is no way of telling. According to the testimony of those who are best able to judge of the matter, the balloon must have descended into the sea, the aeronauts being drowned, or, in case of exceptional good fortune, it may have come down upon Franz Josef Land. If they were able to make a landing there without accident, there is still a chance that they are safe and will be found somewhere near Cape Flora when spring opens. In any event they will be without provisions in a very few weeks, and the present rescuing expedition is a necessity if the explorers are still living.

It may be many months before the actual facts are known, but there is little justification for the hope that Andree and his brave companions are still living. The chances are that they perished somewhere in the drifting ice of the Arctic Ocean, and it is not unlikely that their fate may remain an unsolved mystery for the rest of time.

Wit of This Century

CLEVER HITS BY CLEVER MEN

Paternal Heredity.—Bobus Smith once expatiated upon the beauty of his mother. "Ah!" said Talleyrand, "it was your father, then, who was so plain. I understand now."

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Bayard Taylor's Tact.—Bayard Taylor once called on Humboldt, who after a cordial reception said: "You have traveled much, Mr. Taylor, and seen many ruins, and now you see another." "Not a ruin," replied the poet, "but a pyramid."

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A Punishment that Fails.—In opposing capital punishment, Whately said wittily, but with evident truth: "Every instance of a man's suffering the penalty of the law is an instance of the failure of that penalty in effecting its purpose, which is, to deter."

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How Lincoln Bore Defeat.—Abraham Lincoln, being asked how he felt when the news came of a serious party defeat, said: "I felt somewhat like the boy in Kentucky who stubbed his toe while running to see his sweetheart. He said he was too big to cry and too badly hurt to feel like laughing."

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Reasoning by Analogy.—On announcing from the pulpit the amount of a liberal collection, Rowland Hill said: "You have behaved so well on this occasion that we intend to have another collection on next Sunday. I have heard it said of a good cow, that the more you milk her the more she will give. Try to remember the cow."

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The Wheels Talk.—A good mot is repeated as made by W. S. Gilbert, whose "pretty wit" has given some of the brightest comic operas to the stage. He was leaving a crowded reception, and was mistaken, when standing in the hall, for one of the servants by a pompous party, who said: "Call me a cab." "Certainly; I could not call you hansom," said Gilbert.

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Too Late for His Appointment.—George Canning and a friend were looking at a picture of the Deluge, in which an elephant was seen struggling in the waters, while the ark had floated some distance away. "I wonder," said the statesman's friend, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place." "He was too late," suggested Canning; "he was detained packing up his trunk."

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Differentiating Synonyms.—Examining a young clergyman, Archbishop Whately mystified him by asking: "What is the difference between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same, yet there is a very nice distinction." A number of answers having been given, the witty cleric explained the difference thus: "You sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."

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When Von Weber was Caustic.—When Weber was conducting the rehearsals of his Oberon at Covent Garden, he quietly remarked to one of the singers: "I am very sorry dat you take so much troble." "Oh, not at all!" was the reply. "Yesm'," added the musician, "but I say yes—dat is, why you tak de troble to sing so many notes dat are not in de book? Dat is so much troble."

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Her Dinner Invitation.—When Rossini dined with a certain lady whose dinners were known to be arranged as economically as possible, the meal was as usual an unsatisfactory one. The maestro left the table nearly as hungry as when he sat down. "I hope that you will soon do me the honor to dine with me again," said the hostess as he was about to leave. "Indeed I will," replied he, "this minute, if you like."

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Dundreary's Thin Horse.—When Edward A. Sothern (of Lord Dundreary fame) was in New York he hired an attenuated livery horse for a drive. Having stopped at a wayside tavern, his servant was covering the animal with a rug, when a friend came up inquiring: "Say, Ned, what do you put that blanket over your horse for?" "Oh," was the actor's reply, "that is to keep the wind from blowing the hay out of him."

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Mark Twain's Abstinence.—When ex-President Hayes was preparing to leave the White House, it was proposed to present his wife with a volume of autographs in recognition of her success in "running the Presidency" on teetotal principles. Mark Twain offered as his contribution: "Total abstinence is so excellent that it is impossible to carry its principles to too great a length; I therefore totally abstain—even from total abstinence."

EDITOR'S NOTE—These bright sayings have been selected from Bon-Mots of the Nineteenth Century, edited by Walter Jerrold, with grotesques by Alice Woodward. Published by Macmillan and Company.

Men and Women of the Time

CLOSE RANGE STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARIES

By Joseph Edgar Chamberlain

Miss Wilkins at Home

THERE is a curious delusion current about Miss Wilkins which undoubtedly grows out of the determination, of most people, to make all writers as much as possible like their books. I have heard people, who really knew better, insist that Miss Wilkins must be a countrified little person, looking and acting as if she had just stepped out of her own stories.

This notion may claim to derive some color, perhaps, from the fact that she lives in the village where she was born, and in an old house of vernacular New England architecture, with its side toward the road and its front door in the middle of this side, with a north parlor, and a south parlor, and a flower-garden in front of the house. There is not much more to sustain the delusion. It is a long time since Randolph, which is not so far out of Boston as the northern boundary of Greater New York is from the Battery, ceased to be a real New England village. It is now a mixture of the suburb and the "shoe town"—both of which are very foreign to the thing which Miss Wilkins likes to describe, but does not affect in her life at all. Most of the faces you see in the streets of Randolph, now, are those of the blessed Irish; they swarm at the railroad station, and give the life, about the stores and the post-office, its characteristic color.

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Miss Wilkins' heredity is not rural even, though it is intensely New England—which is only another way of saying that her race is perfectly unmixed English. Her father came out of Salem, where his people had always lived; Salem, you know, used to be almost metropolitan in New England. He was descended from old Bray Wilkins, witch-inquisitor and prominent Puritan generally.

Miss Wilkins' father (who, like her mother, died in middle life) had, as nearly as I can make out, nothing of the countryman in him at all; and the Puritanism seemed to survive him, as it does in thousands of other Yankees of the finer and unsordid type, merely in a sort of exaggerated nervousness, conscientiousness, and general unworldliness. He was an architect of the old kind, trained in the building trades rather than in the schools; and he varied this, his true occupation, with a little unsuccessful storekeeping up at Brattleboro. Miss Wilkins' mother's people were of the Holbrooks of Holbrook—fine "genteel" people of the old sort. The sun-bonneted Jane Field kind of women are not in her ancestral line.

But this is not a study of Miss Wilkins' heredity (though I own I should like to make such a study). She regards herself as a come-outer from her line, and says she "never liked the things she was brought up on." As I said, she does live in a real old village house, on the long, straight main street, in the most old-fashioned part of Randolph, which street alone is straight and severe enough to inspire one, born and resident in it, with stories of hard, unbending wills. But her rooms in the house do not much more than suggest the old time. She has an old brick kitchen-fireplace, with the iron door of the bean-oven in plain view in the chimney, to be sure, but the piled-up logs on the andirons gather a certain amount of dust, while a steam radiator keeps the room quite warm enough. The beautiful old bellows, that hang by the fireplace, look obsolete and futile in the unwelcome glare of this gilded radiator—which is there only because the ancient means of heating the house became quite inadequate.

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On the high mantelshelf in the chimney are Scott's novels, and not another book! I asked Miss Wilkins why she kept them there, and she said it was partly because they filled out the middle of the shelf nicely, and partly because she liked to read them often. And she does read Scott not a little, and also Dickens and Thackeray—much to the sorrow of my friend (and hers), Hamlin Garland, who thinks Miss Wilkins wastes too much of her extraordinary gift for realism by persisting in writing and thinking ideally.

However, Miss Wilkins has lots of other books besides the Waverly novels. Many of them are such accidental drift as most of us possess; but she has some queer and ancient volumes tucked away in odd corners. One of them, that I saw the other day, was an old memoir of a marvelous child belonging to one of the families that Miss Wilkins is descended from—a girl who lived a life of wonderful Christian grace, meditating much, nevertheless, on her sins, and exhorting all about her to holy works, and died a long time ago at the age of six.

If Miss Wilkins reads Scott, she also reads Hardy, Tolstoi, and even Dostoievsky. She said to me of Dostoievsky's Crime and Punishment: "I am at odds with the whole thing, but it is a wonderful book. He writes with more concerted force than Tolstoi. This book seemed to me like one of my own nightmares, and told on my nerves. It belongs to the Laocoön school of literature." So, too, she thinks, does Jude, the Obscure. No one feels more than she the power of such a book as the latter, but she is not inspired, at any time, to write in the same way.

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The big ancient kitchen which is Miss Wilkins' sitting-room is not also her writing-room. Though it is nicely retired, and out of the noise of the exceedingly quiet household in which she has her home, its window commands a view of nothing but the side of the adjoining house, which affords but slight inspiration. She writes upstairs in a room that looks off eastwardly over the street, and its electric cars, to the low coast hills and woods in the distance. Miss Wilkins has a typewriter. The machine is a new arrival, and an experiment, in some sense forced upon her by the bad blunders which compositors are continually making in her thoroughly picturesque, and intensely individual, but sometimes illegible handwriting.

Her way of writing is not, usually, to re-write anything once fully written out, but to elaborate a good deal as she goes along, throwing away a great many closely written sheets which are her trial-lines. And indeed, though Miss Wilkins says of herself that she does not seem to "compose," but to write out something which she already knows, or else which comes to her from some source outside or inside of her—she scarcely knows which—she nevertheless does work out passages of her stories with great pains.

She does not go about at all looking for "material" for her stories. She never puts Randolph people into them; though she has, indeed, put into them dead and gone people. Barnabas, in Pembroke, with the awful will, was a man who had lived. Her creations are mainly drawn purely out of her imagination, and squared to Nature and reality by the exercise of a keen and omnivorous faculty of observation, which has grown instinctive, and is as unconscious as it is accurate—like the minutely accurate eye-measurements with which the Japanese carpenters astonished the World's Fair. And for her Nature-settings, and decorations, she depends rather on the sharp recollections of childhood than on recent observations.

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The rock on which her pathetic little hero basks in the spring sunshine, in Jerome, is truly to be found in Randolph. Down the long street, perhaps a quarter of a mile from the house in which Miss Wilkins now lives, stands the somewhat grim two-story dwelling—this one unaccountably with its gable, not its side, to the road—in which she was born. The house is interesting because she was born in it, and for some things about its environment, and for nothing more. It is eminently commonplace. Next door to it is the queer little one-storied house, all front door and windows, and not at all commonplace, which Miss Wilkins' Grandfather Holbrook built and lived in, and constructed in that exceedingly clinging-to-the-ground way because there had been an awful wind storm in Randolph, and Grandfather Holbrook would not live in a house that was susceptible of being blown down; moreover, he had a "dark room" constructed in it, not to develop photographs in—*pace* Grandfather Holbrook!—but to retire to during thunder-storms. It is evident that this man's granddaughter might have come of good right by her nervous sensibility, even if she had not had a father of nervous temperament.

Just a very little way behind and to the southward of the house in which Miss Wilkins was born, there rises an immense, picturesque granite ledge, quite a hill in itself, which is, or was, called the Great Rock. Flanked by some houses with a new, suburban look, it seems to bulge out of the earth with an intention to be out of place—to be a kind of cosmic anachronism in Randolph. However, a few years ago it doubtless fitted into the landscape well enough; and from the sunny side of it Miss Wilkins nourished her imaginative childhood. To this extent that charming bit at the opening of Jerome is autobiographic:

"Three fields to the northward from the Edwardses' house was a great rock ledge; on the southern side of it was a famous hiding-place for a boy on a windy spring day. There was a hollow in the rock for a space as tall as Jerome, and the ledge extended itself out beyond it like a sheltering granite wing to the westward. . . . He lay there basking like some little animal that had crawled out of its winter nest. At the side of the gentle hill, at the left, a file of blooming peach trees looked as if they were moving down the slope to some imperious march music of the spring."

There are, in spite of the changes I have noted, a good many surviving traces of a much more picturesque and gentle time in Randolph. An old and fortress-like stone house, just across the way from her father's house, was well calculated to haunt her fancy; and farther down the street stands a fine old mansion, with gardens and lawns, which preserves the true flavor of Colonial elegance. It is no wonder that we see such places cropping out in Miss Wilkins' stories. And yet her formative period was not spent in Randolph, but in Brattleboro—which also has its old-time flavor. So far as local influences have affected her work, those of Southern Vermont have predominated.

This work of Miss Wilkins' goes on placidly enough, but not in any way that is systematic enough to distress us. She speaks of a stint of a thousand words a day, but she has the artist's susceptibility to times and moods, and her work is really done by spurts. She is not one of those fortunate ones who can say, "Go to! I will sleep from ten until six, and then be fresh for my work." Sleep with her has to be wooed with subtle arts, and will follow no program. Sometimes her work goes reluctantly, and sometimes she is mastered and possessed by it, and it leaves her nervously exhausted, as well as *désorientée* regarding her every-day affairs. After writing her Deerfield massacre story, which the Messrs. Harper are now bringing out in a new collection of her short stories, she found it hard to make herself realize that she was not living in the time and place of the story; she really believed that the story—her story—was true.

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Of course she would get out of such obsessions of genius anyway, but it is probable that she is helped out of them the sooner by her strong sense of humor, to which certainly homely circumstances are constantly appealing. She wrote not long ago to a friend: "Well, I have had one thing to be thankful for lately—the rooster that lived next door, that didn't know how to crow, but crowed all the same every three minutes, has been executed and cooked. So there are mercies, if we only see them."

Naturally, Miss Wilkins is almost as much at home in Boston as she is in Randolph; I think she feels more at home there. Some people may find that hard to believe, because at Boston she goes in neither for Browning nor Ibsen, and she is without a fad; but it is nevertheless true. You cannot discover about Miss Wilkins' home a vestige of the influence of any hobby—unless it is possibly her chafing-dish; she has a beautiful time with that, and so do her friends. "Views" she has none, in the strenuous Bostonian sense, though good, solid principles she has in plenty. As between Boston and Randolph, I am sure that one thing that makes her prefer the latter, as a place of residence, is the possibility of living there in a way to one side of her literary reputation. She is not at all fond of the strong light that beats upon authorship; but when she is in Boston she is continually getting into it, as a matter of course. In Randolph she lives with a family of most excellent people to whom, though they rejoice with perfect happiness over her success, she is always the girl whom they knew before she had made that success. She is more like a daughter and a sister in this household than anything else, and she accepts the relation with the completest loyalty and devotion. She has retirement here, with solitude, and with what people call "literary society" well within her reach, if she feels the want of it, it certainly need not be too much with her at her quiet home at Randolph.—The Critic.

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Queen Regent of Spain

THE most influential personage in Spain, during the present momentous crisis of its fortunes, is the Queen Regent, Maria Christina, says the Youth's Companion. The maintenance of peace between Spain and the United States has been due, in large measure, to her conservatism, tact, and sagacity in facilitating a change of ministry, and enabling Sagasta to recall General Weyler from Cuba at an opportune moment.

She is by birth an Austrian Grand Duchess, a daughter of the Archduke Karl Ferdinand and his second wife, the Archduchess Elizabeth. She was conspicuous in her youth for beauty and amiability, and has shown, during her career in Spain, that she possesses keen intelligence and judgment—the best traits of the Hapsburg Lorraine house.

Alfonso XIII was born in 1886, after his father's death. His mother has been the Regent during his minority, and, although an Austrian by birth, she has commanded the loyal support of her Spanish subjects. If she had been Queen in her own right she could not have exercised greater power and influence.

The education of her son has been her chief care, and she has directed it with homely common-sense and maternal affection. She has also faced all the responsibilities of Government with courage and firmness. She is a good Queen and a wise woman, and her great ambition is to preserve the monarchy for her son.

Whether she succeeds or fails in this supreme object depends mainly upon the pacification of Cuba and the prevention of any outbreak of hostilities with the United States. She is the most powerful champion of peace in Spain, and has exerted herself strongly, during recent months, to bring about a change of policy in Cuba.

With a Personal Flavor

Queen Victoria's Understudy.—Many years ago the daughter of an artist who was painting the Queen was discovered to be so exactly of the same stature as Her Majesty that she sat to her father for the Queen's figure, thereby relieving Her Majesty of many tedious hours. This lady, whose name is Miss Blanche Sully, now lives in America. When she returned to this country, she came loaded with presents from Her Majesty.

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Bismarck's Family Name.—Few people know how Prince Bismarck's ancestors acquired their name. Bismarck is the name of one of those ancient castles, a short distance from Stendal, on the road from Cologne to Berlin, in the centre of the old Marquisate of Brandenburg. The castle had this name because it defended the "Marca," or the line where the River Biese formed a boundary, or mark of defense, against intruders. Hence the name of Bismarck.

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Barrymore and Modjeska.—Maurice Barrymore is a careless actor, and always has been. Some years ago, says the Argonaut, when he was acting in the company of Mme. Modjeska, who had not been long in this country, the Polish actress was reproaching him for his negligence in a certain scene which had deprived her of certain effects. "It is ungrateful of you to be so regardless of my interests, when I have made a reputation for you here in America."

"My dear madam," Mr. Barrymore answered, "I may have been indifferent in that scene, but I must beg the privilege of contradicting you when you say you made a reputation for me. I was a well-known actor here, when most people thought Modjeska was a toothwash or a headache cure."

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President McKinley as a Race Winner.—John Boise, who has been a resident of Topeka for forty years, but who formerly lived in Ohio, relates the following anecdote of President McKinley: "I have known William McKinley since he was a small boy. He won a horse race for me, at Youngstown, when he was only fourteen years old. At that time I was dealing a little in fast horses and had a runner at the Youngstown fair. I offered young McKinley $1 to ride my horse, and promised him $5 if he won the race.

"The boy was willing to ride, but before he would do so he went to his father and asked permission. His father said he could do as he pleased, so the lad accepted my offer. He won the race," said Mr. Boise, "and he has won every race he has entered since."

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Mark Twain Introduces Himself.—Before we left the anteroom Mark Twain, says Joel Benton in his Reminiscences of Eminent Lecturers, in Harper's Magazine for March, particularly requested me not to introduce him to the audience, and I told him (for he called it "a whim of his") that his little whim should be respected. When we reached the stage I began, after a while, to feel not a little nervous for fear that he would never introduce himself. But he at last arose, and taking a semi-circular sweep to the left, and then proceeding to the front, spoke thus:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I—have—lectured—many—years—and—in—many—towns,—large—and—small. I have traveled—north—south—east—and west. I—have—met—many—great—men: very—great—men. But I—have—never—yet—in—all—my—travels—met—the—president—of—a—country—lyceum—who—could—introduce—me—to—an—audience—with—that—distinguished—consideration—my merits deserve."

After this deliverance the house, which had stared at me for several minutes with vexed impatience for not "pressing the button," was convulsed at my expense, and gave him unremitting attention to the end.

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The Original "Alice in Wonderland."—Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves, the original Alice, has been telling about her first experiences in Lewis Carroll's Wonderland, says the New York Times. She said in a recent interview: "Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow, near Oxford. My eldest sister, now Mrs. Skene, was Prima, mentioned in the poem at the beginning of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.

"I was Secunda, and Tertia was my sister Edith. I believe the beginning of Alice was told one summer afternoon, when the sun was so burning that we deserted the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a newly made hay-rack. Here from all three came the old petition of 'Tell us a story'—and so began the ever-delightful tale.

"Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time.' 'Ah, but it is next time,' would be the exclamation from all three, and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep. Alice's adventures were first written down in answer to my teasing wish to possess the story in book form."

The Awakening of a Mighty Empire

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF RUSSIA

By Prince Krapotkin

RUSSIA is now passing through an extremely important and critical moment of her history—a moment almost as meaningful as the years which she lived through immediately before the abolition of serfdom, says this writer, in The Outlook. Once more it is pretty generally felt in that country that the time has come when a thorough change in the fundamental institutions of the nation must be accomplished; that the economic conditions of the great mass of the population—*i. e.*, the peasants, have reached a critical state; that the old forms of absolute rule, irresponsible government, ultra-centralization and omnipotent functionarism, can last no longer.

When Nicholas II ascended the throne in 1894, it was hoped by optimists that he would inaugurate an era of reforms. True, nothing, either in his education or in his previous achievements, gave the slightest foundation for such a belief; but his youth, the conditions of peace which prevailed at that time in Russia and in all Europe, and the very sympathies which the young autocrat was met with abroad, maintained such hopes. And if Nicholas II and his advisers had taken at that time any steps, or simply shown the desire on behalf of the central Government to listen to the voice of the nation and to give it the possibility of expressing its needs, these steps would have been received with general satisfaction, no matter how timid or how insignificant they might have been, and appreciation.

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Nothing of the sort was done. The country seemed not to exist for the young ruler, whose chief attention was concentrated upon his own person, upon his marriage, and upon the festivities of the coming coronation. It is sometimes maintained that Nicholas II has left things as they were, that he has changed nothing in his father's policy. This is, however, absolutely incorrect. No formal declarations were made, no ministers were changed, and yet every one in Russia feels that the Imperial policy has been changed.

Alexander III was parsimonious. On his deathbed he advised his son to be strictly economical. His own coronation, he said, had only cost 13,000,000 roubles ($6,500,000), but the coronation expenses should be and could be further reduced to 7,000,000 roubles. Nicholas II has preferred, on the contrary, to squander on that unfortunate display more than 60,000,000 roubles ($30,000,000), taken from the already overburdened State budget. Strict economy in State expenditure was the rule during the previous reign, and this much must be said of Alexander III, that he succeeded in putting an end to the wholesale plundering of Russia which was going on during the second half of Alexander II's rule; he undoubtedly created a certain atmosphere of honesty in the management of the State's moneys. Under the present Czar the watchword is, on the contrary, "Do just as you like! Steal and plunder, but don't worry me!"

Again, Alexander III had a certain policy of his own. His ideal was to keep the country under a strong hierarchy of functionaries, whom he would choose himself; but he tried to do his best to prevent the utter ruin of the poorest part of the population—*i. e.*, the peasants of his realm.

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His ideal was that of a benevolent landlord: paternal imperialism, paternal church, and paternal flogging of the naughty children. Among the measures taken during his reign one notes, however, the factory legislation (shorter hours of labor for children, factory inspectors, sanitary rules for the factories), and the land legislation favorable to the peasants (inalienability of the village community lands, peasants' loan banks, etc.), but the two went hand in hand with an attempt to reintroduce manorial justice, with the persecution of other nationalities than the Russian and of other creeds than the Orthodox creed, with the abolition of the higher education for women, and so on. "No Liberal nonsense, please! Autocracy and the Church will take better care of the folk than your Liberal plutocracy"—that was his idea, expressed lately in a book by his chief adviser, the Procurator of the Synod, Pobiedonostseff.

With Nicholas II the main features of that sort of old-fashioned Czarism have been retained; autocracy, bureaucracy, no education, National and religious persecutions, exile without judgment, law of suspects, etc.—all these continue to flourish, but the benevolence is gone. No one expects, indeed, from Nicholas II, that he ever should take interest in the peasants or the workers, or, in fact, in public affairs at all. The long reports of his ministers fatigue him, and he has neither the desire to take the government into his own hands nor the courage to surrender it to a Representative Assembly. He simply gave *charte blanche* to those whom he found in official positions; and although he freely throws out money to gratify his courtiers, neither he nor the Empress Alexandra has become popular. It hardly need be added that all the distinctive features of autocracy—omnipotence of the police, searchings, exile to Sakhalin and Siberia without judgment, and cruel treatment of the political prisoners in the fortresses—remain in full force as of old.

In proportion, however, as all hope of the autocrat himself taking the initiative of reforms is dwindling away, a movement within Russian society is asserting itself more and more definitely; and this movement takes three separate directions.

One of them is the Labor movement. The Government still continues to suppress the Socialistic literature; the Press Censorship continues to issue circulars to the editors of the newspapers and reviews, prohibiting the discussion of labor questions. But these restrictions are of no effect. A cheap daily press has lately grown up in Russia, and that press finds access to the manual laborer. Strikes and labor contests are now so frequent in Europe and America that even in the reactionary papers, and even in the official press, the workers continually read something about some great strike at Pittsburg or at London, or about what the Socialists or the Anarchists are doing in Germany or in France; and gradually they come to the conclusion that Russian workers, too, must combine and organize.

Besides, the workers themselves are now different from what they were five-and-twenty years ago, when we began the Socialist propaganda among them. At that time they were only just issuing from serfdom; many of them had been serfs a few years before, while the others had lived under the most deadening conditions which serfdom habits and customs had created in Russia.

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The present generation knows nothing of the servitude under which their fathers had been living. "You would not recognize the Russian workers if you returned to them after a twenty-five years' absence" is what I hear from all sides, and what I read myself in the facts of Russian life which come to my knowledge.

Consequently, a labor movement steadily grows in the industrial centres—a movement which need not be originated or led by students or gentlemen in disguise, as was the case with ours. It hardly needs more help from the educated classes than labor needs in Europe or in America. This movement must certainly become a factor of growing importance in the advance of Russia toward political freedom. The workers who combine or strike for an increase of wages, or to protest against fantastic fines, do not admit that the police or the Governor of the province should come to the defense of the employer or the factory manager. And, in fact, it often happens that the police and the Governor show no special willingness to interfere in that way; while if special influences at Court or with the Governor of the province are resorted to, and an interference of the military follows, an outcry is raised against the omnipotence, the lawlessness and the rottenness of the bureaucracy.

Another still more powerful factor which acts in the same direction requires a few words of explanation. The abolition of serfdom in 1861 and the introduction of a local self-government in 1864 (when Provincial and District Assemblies, very similar to the English County Councils, were introduced) were entirely due to the pressure which the better element of the educated classes brought to bear upon the Government.

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This action of the educated classes for wiping out from Russian life the blot of serfdom did not end with the Emancipation Act of 1861. On the contrary, it only called new forces into life. To educate the peasants, to aid them in the further development of their economic life, became a widely spread mission among a certain portion of the educated classes. And it never died out, notwithstanding all the difficulties which the Government put in the way of these well-meaning people.

It is known that in the seventies a great movement took place among the educated youth of Russia, and that the watchword of this movement was "*Vnarod!*"—that is, "Be among the people," or rather "Be the people." Thousands of young men and women went to live amid the peasants and the factory workers, taking the positions of village schoolmasters, village scribes, doctors, vaccinators, midwives, and so on, while some went as mere workers in the factories or settled upon land as mere peasants. Every position which only permitted a man or a woman to stand near to the downtrodden mass of the peasants and to be of some use to it was eagerly sought for and immediately accepted.

Hundreds of these "populists" were arrested, condemned as revolutionists, and transported to Siberia; thousands were treated as suspects and were compelled to abandon their positions, although they never took any part in a revolutionary agitation. But thousands of them have remained in the provinces, rendering themselves useful in all sorts of local provincial activities.

Most of them are young people no more, and all have won general esteem in their respective localities; so that they now represent a considerable contingent of educated men and women, knowing their own region, well known to the local population, and enjoying the confidence of the peasants and the workers—men and women who, at the same time, hate only the more the rule of the St. Petersburg absolutism and bureaucracy because they can appreciate on the spot the hindrances which autocratism and bureaucracy create to the normal development of the country.

In short, here also the conditions have entirely changed during the last five-and-twenty years. It is no more the young revolutionist standing alone to defy the formidable powers of autocracy, and surrounded by an inert mass of peasants. A new class of men occupies an intermediate position between the two, and this class cannot be brushed aside by the mere mandate of the autocratic government.

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Finally, there is a third element of no little importance which also is bound to carry on the struggle against autocracy. The so-called Greek-Orthodox population of Russia is permeated with sects of Dissenters of all possible denominations. It is estimated that one-third part of that population belong in reality to some branch of Nonconformists. Many of these strive to return to the principles of primitive Christianity, or even to still more ancient forms of society represented in the Old Testament. The right of free interpretation of the Bible is thus carried on all over Russia, and there is no force which could limit it. Every village has its own teachers—men and women—who interpret the Bible in their own ways, almost always hostile to the present State and to the official Church. A powerful religious movement is thus growing in Russia, and it is also bound to work in a not remote time as a powerful force against autocracy.

The three just-sketched currents, and many others of less importance, render a thorough revision of the fundamental institutions of the country more and more unavoidable. The problems, however, involved in that revision are more complicated in Russia than elsewhere.

Ninety per cent. of the total population of European Russia are peasants. They are the chief wealth-producers of the country, and upon their prosperity the prosperity of the whole country rests. The great industries—cotton, wool, silk, iron, machinery and chemicals—have certainly taken of late a considerable development. But Russia has no foreign markets of importance, and the chief market for her manufactures is the home market—that is, chiefly the peasants. Consequently, a good crop means only an increased consumption of all manufactured goods, while a bad crop means bad affairs for the manufacturers and bad conditions for the factory workers. In fact, it is during the fair of Nijni Novgorod, when the conditions of the crops become known, that the production of the chief cotton-mills, iron-works, and similar manufactories, is settled for the next twelve months.

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The effects of a good or a bad crop are such that, by simply looking at the crop returns, one may foretell the increase or decrease which will take place next year in the returns of the factories, in the excise duties upon spirits, sugar, tobacco, matches, and naphtha oil, in the revenue of the railways, in the customs revenue, and in the internal traffic and commerce.

Another characteristic feature of Russia is that the crop, which is the measure of the well-being of the country, is grown, not by the landlords, but by the peasants. Although the landlords own a considerable portion of the arable land of the country, it is not they who grow the main crop.

The large sums of redemption money which the landlords have got from their ex-serfs, as well as the immense sums obtained through the mortgage of their estates, have been squandered in the most unprofitable way in the capitals and the watering-places of Europe. Through the Nobility Mortgage Bank (which is supported by the State and freely lends money to the nobility landowners) the nobles become irretrievably debtors to the State; so that it may be said that by means of these mortgages the State gradually becomes the chief owner of the nobility's lands. To nationalize those lands would thus be a mere banking operation—so rapidly the indebtedness of the nobility increases and so rapidly their chances of ever repaying their debts are vanishing.

It is very probable that nothing short of a wide scheme of land nationalization will be capable of substantially improving the present conditions; and it must be said that such a measure would offer nothing extraordinary in Russia, because already now the State is the chief land-owner in European Russia, while in Siberia all the land belongs to the State, and private property in land does not exist in that immense territory.

Economic problems of the very highest importance are thus standing before the present generation, and upon their solution the economic future of the country will depend. At the same time, the political problem is beset with difficulties which have not been known in other countries of Europe. The Russian Empire has a population of 135,000,000 inhabitants, out of whom more than one hundred millions live on the territory of European Russia proper. This immense population is a difficulty in itself. In many parts of the Empire it is so thin that electoral districts of 100,000 inhabitants, or even of 50,000, would be too big for all practical purposes. Consequently, a Russian Parliament, elected by universal suffrage (and a limited franchise could not be accepted, as it would exclude the whole mass of the peasants—*i. e.*, nearly ninety per cent. of the population), would have to consist of at least 2,700, or, at any rate, of nearly 2,000, members. Such a Parliament evidently would not work—experience showing that even with five or six hundred members a parliament is unmanageable. Besides, the conditions of the country are so widely different in its separate parts that, unless these different regions have legislative institutions of their own, an Imperial Parliament would be little better than an Imperial autocracy.

This is why the Grand Duke Constantine advocated, in 1881, five separate Parliaments for the Empire. Finland has already its own Parliament, which manages the finances, the customs, the post and telegraphs, the railways, the judiciary, the army, and all civil institutions of the country. Constantine's idea was accordingly to endow Poland, Caucasia and Siberia with independent Parliaments, and to create one or two Parliaments for Russia proper.

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This scheme has passed unnoticed even among the Russian Radicals, and yet its leading idea is undoubtedly much more reasonable than it appeared at the first sight. It would not only give satisfaction to Finland, Caucasia and Siberia—Poland ought to be a quite separate State—but I am firmly persuaded that the only possible solution for Russia would be to frankly acknowledge the Federalist principle, and to adopt a system of several autonomous Parliaments, as we see it in Canada, instead of trying to imitate the centralized system of Great Britain, France and Germany.

In reality, however, it is only too well known that the political liberties of a country are less based upon its National representation than upon a large development of local self-government. France still remains a monarchy, with a republican name, simply because she has no free municipal and provincial life; while the United States, notwithstanding the extensive powers of the President, are a Republic in consequence of the large autonomy of each State, city and township. For Russia, with its extremely great variety of local, physical and ethnological conditions, and with the varied character of the local economic problems, centralization—whether Imperial, Constitutional or Republican—would be equally fatal.

The only possible outcome for Russia is a development on the lines of extensive local self-government—in the region, the province, the canton, and the village; in other words, Federalism in all degrees. Such a development would be, at the same time, in accordance with the historical traditions of the nation, and it would correspond to the geographical and ethnological nature of that immense agglomeration of nations and physical regions.

If this principle is not recognized, if Imperialist and Romanist ideas prevail, they will surely become a source of infinite trouble, both exterior and interior. But if this principle prevails, Russia will be able to join the family of civilized nations as a new member, which will bring with it some precious elements of National life—namely, a nationalized soil, the village community, popular co-operation for all possible purposes, and local industries closely connected with agriculture and manufacture.

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Capturing Verdi's Hat.—With Verdi the love of making music is still a dominant passion, and it is quite possible that the world will soon hear another new work of his. In Italy he is little less than idolized.

Stopping at an inn not long since, he left the dining-room, forgetting to take his hat. A couple breakfasting at an adjoining table noticed the fact, and the husband suggested taking the hat to its owner. But to this his young wife, happy to possess so precious a souvenir, objected, whereupon a lively discussion ensued between the two. But suddenly a new factor in the affair appeared in the shape of another guest, who declared that the hat was his.

Imagine the embarrassment of the lady, who relinquished her prize, and discovered the next day that the hat was really Verdi's after all, and that the stranger had employed this device in order to capture it for himself, leaving the inn immediately afterward

In Early New Amsterdam

EVERY-DAY LIFE IN OLD COLONIAL NEW YORK

THE revival of interest in Colonial times is not only manifesting itself in architecture and fashions, but in our literature, and within the last four or five years dozens of interesting books have appeared, which set before us vividly the manner of life of these early times. No one has worked more successfully in this field than Alice Morse Earle, and her latest volume, Colonial Days in Old New York, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, renders a service to the early Knickerbockers similar to that she has rendered to the Pilgrims and Puritans.

Materials are lacking for a full description of child life in New Netherlands. Nothing but formal records of churches, of courts of business life, offer to us any pages for study and drawing of inference. The young folks of Albany appear to have had a freer life than in other Dutch towns. There the children of the town were divided into companies, from five to six years of age, until they became marriageable. Every company contained as many boys as girls. Children of different ages in the same family belonged to different companies. Each company at a certain time in the year went in a body to gather a particular kind of berries. It was a sort of annual festival attended with religious punctuality. Every company had a uniform for this purpose, that is to say, very pretty light baskets made by the Indians, with lids and handles, which hung over one arm and were adorned with various colors in the way of ornament.

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Every child was permitted to entertain the whole company on its birthday, and once besides, during winter and spring. The early Dutch schools were of most primitive character, and many of the burgomasters petitioned the West India Company to send them a Latin schoolmaster, in order that they might not be obliged to send their children to New England to school. The desired "gerund grinder"—a Dr. Curtius was sent, but he was not a good disciplinarian. His pupils "beat each other and tore the clothes from each others backs," but his crowning offense was his charging a whole beaver skin too much per quarter to some scholars, and soon he was packed back to Holland. His successor, a young man of twenty-two, had better luck, better control and a better academy, and New Amsterdam to "great splendor was attained," having pupils from other towns and colonies, even from so far away as Virginia.

The domestic life of the Dutch settlers flowed on in a smooth-running and rather full stream. Any turbulence of dissension or divorce between husband and wife is apparently little known, and in cases of real alienation the magistrates or the dominies succeeded in patching up a truce. Weddings usually took place at the house of the bride's parents. Down to the close of the eighteenth century few were ever celebrated within church doors, but often the bride and groom, and sometimes the entire bridal party, in wedding array, appeared at church the Sunday after the marriage. Often it was the custom for the bridal party to enter the church after the service began, thus giving the congregation an opportunity to enjoy thoroughly the wedding finery. Sometimes the gayety at the home of the bride's parents was followed on the succeeding day by "open house" at the home of the groom's parents, when the wedding party, bridesmaids and all, helped to keep up the life of the wedding day. There was no leaving home by the bride and groom just when every one wanted to see them—no tiresome, tedious wedding journey, all cheerfully enjoyed the presence of the bride and partook of the gayety the wedding brought. It was common for various hospitable friends and relations, for many miles around, to entertain the bridal party from day to day; this so-called bride-visiting was usually made on horseback.

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But little is known, Mrs. Earle says, of the early practice of medicine in New Netherlands. From the beginning of the settlement, the West India Company paid a surgeon to live in New Amsterdam and care for the health of the Company's servants. But so many "freemen" came—that is not to the pay of the Company—that some doubts arose in the minds of the Council whether it would not be better to save the salary by trusting to independent practitioners. There were three such in New Amsterdam in 1652. They made pills and a terrible dose of rhubarb, senna and port wine, called "Vienna Drink." But folk were discouragingly healthy in the little town, in spite of poor water, and lack of drainage, and filth in the streets. The doctors petitioned that none but surgeons should be allowed to shave people. After profound consideration the Council decided "That no man can be prevented from operating on himself, or doing another this friendly act, provided that it be done through courtesy, and that he do not receive any money for it, and do not keep an open shop of any sort, which is hereby forbidden, declaring in regard to the last request, this act to belong to chirurgery and the health of man." One tribute to old-time medicine, and New York medical men we owe still. The well-known Kiersted ointment, manufactured and sold in New York to-day, is made from a receipt of old Dr. Hans Kiersted's, the best colonial physician of his day, who came to New York in 1638. The manufacture of this ointment is a closely guarded family secret. He married the daughter of the famous Anneke Jans. In the centuries that have passed, the descendants have had more profit from the Kiersted ointment than from the real estate.

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As to household furnishings in early days, both in town and farm houses, a common form of bedstead was the one built into the house, usually set into an alcove or recess. The bedstead had doors, which closed over it when unoccupied and shut it from view. The "folding bed" or "mantel bed" is not a modern invention. In New Amsterdam it was common to have an oblong frame, filled in with a network of rope or strips of wood set apart like the slats of a bed. This frame was fastened to the wall at one end, the bed's head, with heavy hinges, and at night it was placed in a horizontal position, and the unhinged end, or foot of the bed, was supported by turned legs, which fitted into sockets in the frame. When not in use the frame was hooked up against the wall and covered with the curtains or doors. The beds were soft and deep, of prime geese feathers. For many years the custom prevailed of sleeping on one feather bed, and under another of lighter weight.

A notable feature, in house-furnishing, was the abundance and good quality of household linen. The infrequency of regular washing seasons—often domestic washings took place but once in three or four months—made a large amount of bed, table and personal linen a matter of necessity in all thrifty, tidy households. In one house whose furnishings were removed [illegible] linen consisted of fifty-one linen sheets, eleven damask tablecloths, one linen tablecloth, twenty-one homespun cloths, four breakfast cloths, twelve damask cloths, fifty-six homespun napkins, fifteen towels, twenty-nine pillow cases.

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Our author describes at length the cellar of a farmhouse. It contained vast food stores which put to shame our modern petty purchases of weekly supplies. There were always found great bins of apples, potatoes, turnips, and parsnips. These vegetables always rotted a little toward spring and sprouted, and, though carefully sorted out and picked over, sent up to the parlor above a semi-musty, damp-earthy, rotten-apples-mouldy-potatoey smell. Strongly bound casks of vinegar and cider, and often of rum, lay in iron racks in the cellar. [illegible] sometimes they leaked a little at the spigot and added their sharply alcoholic fumes to the other cellar smells. Great hogsheads of corned beef, barrels of salted pork, hams seething in brine, tonnekins of salted shad and mackerel, firkins of butter, kilderkins of home-made lard, jars of pickles, kegs of pigs' feet, tumblers of spiced fruits, graced this noble cellar. On the swing shelf were head cheese and festoons of sausages. On such a solid foundation, over such a storage room of plenty, thrift and prudence, stood the sturdy edifice—the home comfort of the New Netherland farmer. Domestic comfort and kindly charity sat enthroned in every room of these Dutch homes. Daniel Denton wrote of them as early as 1670: "Though their low-roofed houses may seem to shut their doors against pride and luxury, yet how do they stand wide open to let charity in and out, either to assist each other, or relieve a stranger." In these neighborly homes thrift and simple plenty, and sober satisfaction in life had full sway.

The early churches were unheated, and it is told that the half-frozen dominies preached with heavy knit or fur caps pulled over their ears, and wearing mittens, and that *stove heer* as well as *stove vrouw* carried muffs. That the Dutchman should light his long pipe in meeting was natural enough—to keep warm, though folk do say that he smoked in meeting in summer, too—to keep cool. The church services were usually long. They were opened by reading and singing from lined by the *voorlezer* or *voorzanger*—that general utility man who was usually precentor, school master, bell-ringer, sexton, grave-digger, and often town clerk. The psalms were given out to the congregation through the medium of a large hanging board with movable slips, and this was in the charge of the voorlezer. This functionary seems to have had charge of turning the hour-glass in the pulpit. In Kingston, where the pulpit was high, he thrust up to the preacher the notices stuck in the end of a cleft stick. In this town at the time of the revolution he was also paid two shillings per annum, by each family, to go around and knock loudly on the door, each Sunday morning to warn that it was service time. In some towns he was permitted to give three sharp raps to warning, with his staff on the pulpit, when the hour-glass had run out a second time—thus shutting off the sermon. The employment of the Dutch language in the pulpit in New York churches lasted until this century. In the Flatbush church, with the death in 1821 of Dominie Shoonmaker, who lived to be ninety and never preached but one sermon in English, Dutch was discontinued.

Before a burial took place in the old times a number of persons, usually intimate friends of the dead, watched the body throughout the night. Liberally supplied with various bodily comforts, plentiful tobacco and pipes, abundant strong drink, and newly baked cakes, these watchers were not gloomy, and did the midnight hours lay unsolaced. The great parlor, *kamer*, in which the body lay in state—room of the house was a department so rarely used on other occasions than a funeral that, in many households, it was known as the *dood kamer*—death-room. Sometimes it had a separate front door by which it was entered, thus giving two front doors to the house. Dr. Irving Knickerbocker says the front door of New York houses was never opened save for funerals, New Years and such holidays. The kitchen door certainly offered a more cheerful welcome. In North Holland the custom still exists of reserving a room, with separate outside entrance, for use for weddings and funerals.

We are already indebted to Mrs. Earle for charming pictures of early colonial life in New England. She has added to our obligation by this sympathetic outline of life in the neighboring Dutch colony. The Watchman

The Most Polite People on Earth

COURTESY OF THE MODERN MEXICAN

THE principal characteristic of the Mexican, says the New York Tribune is undoubtedly his innate and unchanging courtesy.

"Oh, how deliciously polite!" is a phrase we hear every day from the lips of foreign ladies when they enjoy the not unusual sight of two natives, ragged beyond description, perhaps, who stop a horsecar in the street and keep it standing, while each insists, with elegant bows and flowing compliments, that the other precede him in going up the steps.

"After you, sir."

"Not at all. I am unworthy of such a high honor."

"I dare not take precedence, sir."

It is only what is due your superiority. Walk up, please.

"Not for all the world. You are entitled to that preference. You are the superior."

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This goes on for some time until the car begins to move, and both fling themselves at once on the steps, smashing the corns of another man standing on the platform—an accident that gives rise to new effusions of politeness.

Oh, sir, how sorry I am to have trod on your foot. I sincerely entreat you to excuse my oversight.

"Never mind," says the victim, gritting his teeth and with tears in his eyes; "it is an honor to be trod on by you."

"Thanks for your kindness."

"I am myself in duty bound to thank you, sir, for your kindness."

In fact, dudes from over the sea, or from across the Rio Grande may boast of their wealth, and their Parisian-made trousers, belles, of other lands of their golden tresses and charming personalities, but no other nation equals the stately dignity of Mexican courtesy.

If it is a great luxury to be taught how to bow, and what to do under all circumstances by a gentleman who knows these things because he belongs to the European aristocracy, and has behind him a line of ancestors who behaved as well as they could in such matters, it is surprising to observe in a whole nation, even in the humblest classes, courtesy not produced by artificial means, but gracefully and refinedly practiced as a special endowment of nature.

Persons in other countries are rarely treated to such scenes as those we have attempted to describe, and to many they might appear exaggerated; but let those that doubt come and judge for themselves.

I will cite a few authentic experiences in illustration of the subject.

An American young lady was once talking with an old Mexican gentleman, and she laughingly said something about having some important literary work to do.

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It was good to see the old fellow's impressive manner and air of perfect sincerity as he exclaimed:

Work! Miss, such lips as yours should never mention work. You should be a queen and wear pearls as beautiful as those incased in your lovely mouth!"

Another young woman was overheard to say in English to her mother in the theatre:

Look at that Mexican girl. Do you like her? I think her nose is too long and her features are too sharp.

Whereupon the Mexican girl said in her most endearing tone in broken English:

Miss, as God bestowed on you all the attributes of perfect beauty, very little was left for me. Believe me, you are the sweetest creature I have laid my eyes on, and I never get tired of looking at your charmingly beautiful face."

A young man who happened to be accidentally struck in one of his eyes by a pretty sixteen-year-old damsel with her parasol, said appealingly, while the blood flowed from the wound:

"Lovely one, be not cruel, seeing that cruelty and beauty cannot dwell together!"

Nowhere will the stranger find more genuine civility and kindness than among the Mexicans.

Their houses, their families, their horses, their flowers, their time, even their lives are placed, figuratively at least, "at your entire disposition."

"A los pies de V., Señora." (My lady, I am at your feet), is the prescribed form of salutation from a gentleman who meets a lady; while if two gentlemen meet they address one another as follows: "Yeso a V. la mano" (I kiss your hand).

The same applies to written correspondence. A note from a gentleman to a lady ends in this wise: "Soy de V., Señora, atento servidor Q. SS. PP. B." The initials are for "que sus pies besa," and the whole phrase stands for "I am, my lady, your attentive servant who kisses your beautiful feet."

If a gentleman is addressed in writing, only his hands are kissed, not his feet.

These formulæ are followed not only by the richer, but by all classes. As to the poorest, their courtesy toward one another is widely different from the gruff, boorish intercourse of the plebeians of other nations.

The poor of Mexico cannot frame a sentence without employing one or more terms of endearment.

Como estas, mi alma? (How are you, my soul?) The words they address to each other speak of the gentle consideration for the feelings of their neighbor which characterizes the race and emanates from [illegible] rather than from acquired courtesy.

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A Mexican gentleman will never permit a lady to descend the stairs unaccompanied. He takes her softly by the hand or offers his arm to assist her in going down the steps, and only takes leave of her at the street door, when he does not insist on leaving the lady at her own home.

Often, in their rambles through the large cities of the country, strangers lose their way and have recourse to their sometimes scant knowledge of Spanish to be put in the right road. An invariable courtesy when a stranger addresses a man not of the lowest class is the result.

Love is more the business of life in Mexico than in northern climes, perhaps because other people have more diversion than we have. The lady love is ardently styled "the very eyes of me," but that does not prevent the Mexican, when stung by [illegible] busy, from denouncing love as treacherous and false.

"Since there is no help, I bow before you, kiss your feet, and depart," is the becoming way in which the unrequited lover takes leave of the girl that has given him the cold shoulder.

All hope is over, love is stretched upon his bier, but the Mexican whom a beauty despises, although naturally angered at the slight, pretends to feel more keenly than anything the announce he has given her with his unremitting attentions. "Excuse me, fair lady, for having put you to the trouble of repelling the audacious revelation of the feeling you have awakened in my bosom." Such is the mild form in which he gives vent to his rage and despair.

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Race of course, has had its influence in promoting this spirit of courtesy and civility. It is an inheritance from the old Colonial days. The descendants of the Viceroy and "oidores" of New Spain acquired, by the exercise of power and wealth, a certain advantage of manner and tone transmitted through several generations to the Mexicans of to-day, and high breeding was the result in all classes that came in contact with the old Spanish cavaliers, or with their offspring.

It may be set down as a certainty that no society is more refined than that where a poor peon has the manners of a gentleman, and all gentlemen have that subtle instinct of chivalry which shows kind regard for every one.

Side-Lights on Timely Topics

SUGGESTED BY SUBJECTS OF VITAL INTEREST

From Mine to Mint

GOLD THAT COMES FROM THE KLONDIKE

MUCH has been written about the gold that comes from the Klondike, says the [illegible] Transcript, but nobody seems to have thought of inquiring as to what becomes of it after it has left the placer mines and the Yukon region.

Of course, the miners bring it out to United States by steamer, done up in [illegible] bags, and all sorts of other packages; the bulk of it is this fetched to Seattle, which is a convenient port. In Seattle there is no trouble in converting the raw material into the ordinary currency of the realm. The merchants accept it by weight as readily as any other form of money, and the banks are always ready customers for gold.

Most of the miners taken with the yellow wealth, take it directly to the Seattle bank and deposit it, just as if it were dollars. They receive credit for it in the same way, but ordinarily the banks act simply [illegible] for the sale of the gold to the Government. Uncle Sam, you see, advertises to buy all gold that is offered, with no limit on the quantity. His purchasing office nearest to Seattle is at Helena, Montana. So the banks, which eventually get all the gold accepted by the merchants, forward the precious metal to the assay office at Helena, and there it is received and paid for. The payment is made, immediately on its receipt, by Treasury checks or by gold coin.

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If, then, you are a miner just returned from the Klondike with a bag of gold, you may convert it into everyday money at very short notice. The Treasury check returned to you through the bank is for only ninety-[illegible] per cent of the estimated value of the dust and nuggets. That you get without any delay at all, beyond the time required for expressing the stuff to Helena and for the return of the check by mail. The balance due to you comes as soon as your gold has been subjected to the necessary assay. You have a right, under the law, to receive gold coin for your check, if you choose to ask for it. If you make no such demand the Treasury will give you paper money; but the check is really payable in gold if you want it. The idea back of this is that any man has a right to offer raw gold to the United States Government and to receive gold coin in return for it.

This legal obligation is fulfilled at considerable cost by the Government. Every gold coin contains its full face value in that metal, plus a percentage of copper added to harden it. The minting of it costs something, and for this nothing is charged. In other words, Uncle Sam gives a manufactured article of money in return for mere raw material. Furthermore, it must be considered that gold pieces suffer appreciable loss by abrasion while in circulation. Even gold coins, in bags at the Treasury, lose something of their value by being jostled about. This is a [illegible] loss to the Government, which protects itself only by fixing a "limit" [illegible] called. When more than a certain fraction of a gold piece has been lost by abrasion, it is accepted only by weight.

It is a rather interesting fact that a good deal of gold from Australia is now coming into this country by way of San Francisco. It goes directly to the mint in that city, and is there converted into coin. But whatsoever the source of the raw gold, the treatment it receives on reaching the mint, or assay office, is the same. Each lot of Klondike dust, with its sprinkling of tiny nuggets, is put into a closed vessel called a crucible. The crucible is placed in a furnace, and when the metal is melted it is poured into a mould, which forms it into a brick called a "bar." While in the crucible the molten yellow stuff is stirred constantly and thoroughly, so that all the materials it contains may be distributed equally through the bar. For of course, the raw gold is apt to be combined with more or less silver, copper, and even lead. It is seldom found strictly pure.

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The bar, when cool, is sent to the weighing room, where the assayer chips from it a very small scrap, and this scrap is put through an elaborate process for the purpose of determining exactly how much gold it contains. Eventually it is reduced to a bit of absolutely pure gold, and the weight of this bit gives to the assayer his data for reckoning the exact value of the bar. On this reckoning the payment check is made out. The gold brick, being now the property of Uncle Sam, is subjected to a chemical treatment by which the silver and other impurities are separated from it, and the yellow metal is obtained in a perfectly pure state. In this state it looks more like red gravel than anything else, and nobody would think of stopping by the wayside to pick up a handful of such apparently worthless stuff.

The "red gravel" is pressed by hydraulic power into big cakes, resembling ang[illegible] cakes in shape, but much bigger. [illegible] cakes are worth about $80,000 apiece. Next the material of which the cakes are made is melted again in crucibles, with the addition of ten per cent of copper, and the stuff is cast in bars for coining. Each bar is sliced by a machine into several strips, which are put under a powerful roller and squeezed to the required thickness for the coin. Then the strips are passed beneath a punch which cuts out of them the blanks for the gold pieces that are to be made. Various mechanical processes requiring no detailed description here are gone through with incidentally, but at length the coin blanks are put one by one in a stamping machine, which gives to them the beautiful designs that make the gold pieces of the United States current at face value all over the entire face of the civilized world.

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What War Would Mean

BOTH SIDES OF A SERIOUS PROBLEM

IF WAR with Spain should be the result of the blowing up of the Maine, that will ly anticipate what was likely to have taken place as soon as the autonomy experiment was definitely known to be a hopeless failure, says the Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Spain is in the position of the man who has the bear by the tail and was anxious to find some way to let go. If Spain should abandon the contest in Cuba with only the insurgents as antagonists, her Government would probably be confronted by a revolutionary movement at home. If she had to retire from Cuba under pressure of a war with the United States, the Government might be able to save its credit, and might even be strengthened by the sentiment of patriotism evoked by the struggle. So far, Spanish diplomacy has been very conciliatory and compliant in its dealings with this country. A realization that the Cuban struggle was hopeless might cause such a change of disposition as to cause the Spanish Government to play for a war with the United States, and such is the temper of the American people that it would be hard to avoid being caught in the trap.

With such possibilities confronting the nation, it is well to seriously consider what the effects of a war would be likely to be. So far as Spain is concerned we could hardly do her any serious hurt. She would, of course, lose Cuba. That would be a very great relief to her. She would also lose little Porto Rico, which is a small possession that might just as well, so far as her National interests are concerned, go with Cuba. Those two colonies are the total remnant of her once immense American possessions. She has some Asiatic colonies, the only one of importance being the Philippine Islands, which would only be an incumbrance to us. She has also some African possessions that would be only a trouble and expense to us should we take them, and would involve us in the collision of interests in Africa now worrying all European Powers. Spain has absolutely nothing to lose that it would be advantageous for this country to take.

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As regards commercial relations, Spain is a better customer to this country than we are to her, but either way the amount involved is small. Our imports from Spain in 1897 amounted to $3,651,973, our exports to Spain amounted to $10,912. Neither of these amounts are very considerable in the aggregate of National commerce. As to the mischief which Spain might do to us, it is to be noted that only fifteen per cent of our commerce is carried on in American bottoms, so that her opportunity of preying on American ships would be limited even if her power were complete. The most she could hope to do, and probably all she would try, would be to perform some exploits that would afford material for political effect at home. If she could make an incursion on our coasts, throw shells into some of our ports, capture some American merchantmen or win a seafight or two it would be glory enough for her.

This is a big country, Spain is a small one. The large mark would be easier to hit, and while we should undoubtedly give her a drubbing yet there would be no glory in such a war for us, while it would be difficult for us to prevent Spain from extracting from it something of consequence to her vanity.

The cost of such a war to us would be of far less importance than the disorder into which it would plunge our National finances. The uncertainty whether a dollar means 371 grains of silver or 23.2 grains of gold would corrupt every financial transaction and cloud the National credit. If a dollar means the one it is worth so much, if the other, more than twice as much. In order to float a loan it would probably be found necessary, as in the case of all countries where silver is used as a legal tender, to provide for payment in gold. There would be, of course, a violent opposition to this, and the other resource, the issue of paper money, would be urged with great force. The latter would be the most expensive and pernicious way of meeting expenses. It would disorder all contracts and engagements, would cheat the working man of the results of his labor at every turn, and the evil effects would be felt for generations to come. A lot of contractors would grow rich on the public misfortune, but the mass of the people would suffer. If war is necessary, we must meet it with fortitude whatever it may entail, but it is certain that a war with Spain can be of no benefit to this country, while it might be an operation of most wholesome surgery for Spain herself.

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How Europe Regards Us

OUR UNPOPULARITY ABROAD

OF THE fact there can be no doubt – every visitor, more than a mere hasty traveler in Europe, will testify to the fact. It is not true we think, of other American countries, at least at the south of us. But Americans do not travel much on their hemisphere, and the Monroe doctrine has made us to be regarded as a kindly elder brother, to be called on for help in emergency.

But in the East we probably have not one [illegible] and among the nations of Europe. Indeed, we are much in the position of Great Britain, whose isolation is more "splendid than agreeable." The causes of this unpopularity would make an interesting study.

It is easy to see why we are unpopular in Spain. Spain is unpopular with us. We naturally sympathize, all of us, with the Cubans struggling for their independence. But it is a matter of the intensest pride with the Spaniards to hold their choicest possession. They know the Cubans depend on our sympathy, that they smuggle military stores from our coasts, and that our Government has made it clear that we cannot allow the cruel wrong to the Cubans, and the injury to our own interests, to go on indefinitely. We are intensely unpopular in Spain, and the residences of our Minister and Consuls have to be guarded against popular attack.

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We are not popular in France, notwithstanding the hereditary friendship. For years there has been a large American colony in Paris, but its members find it difficult to get any entree into French society. French ideals differ from ours as much as they do from the English. Besides, the natural sympathy of France is with its neighbor, Spain, which has a large colony in Paris, and Spanish bonds are held in Paris, and would be almost worthless if Cuba were to secure independence. The French believe what the Spaniards tell them, that the United States is hungering to annex Cuba.

We need not argue the ill will of Germany; it is too plain to be missed. It is caused partly by the operation of our protective tariff, and partly by the loss to the United States of so many German citizens and possible soldiers. But still more the cause is in that which is seen all through Europe—the growth and prosperity of this country, the development of its manufactures and commerce, which excite general apprehension. What Germany feels is what the [illegible] Premier, Goluchowski, startled us by proclaiming, that the twentieth century must see the union of Europe against America, to shut out American products and influence. The yellow peril, from China, is not so much feared as the American peril. This apprehension affects all Europe, though just now most clearly expressed in Germany and Austria. But Italy feels it as well, although she has her special grievance in the New Orleans lynching case.

Of the great powers there remain Russia, which has no public opinion, and Great Britain. President Washburn thinks that the mother country remains our friend. We trust this is so, certainly we are her friend, but the Venezuela incident, and the charges that our diplomatic correspondence lacked courtesy, have cooled the feeling. The prompt payment of the indemnity now awarded to Great Britain might relieve this tension, and place us on a better footing.

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There are other general causes of the ill will to America which must not be forgotten, and for which we are to blame. The enormous number of murders, and lynchings, in our Southern and Western States, makes an impression on the European mind, as it should. Here we are verily guilty. Closely connected with this is the failure of our citizens to secure honest government. The handing over of the Government of Greater New York to Tammany, when it might have been so easily prevented, has created a profound distrust of the capacity of the American Republic. The parallel failure of free and equal suffrage in the South has equal sinister significance; although the suppression of the free ballot, by violence, or fraud, or constitutional devices is not so far brutted as is the corrupt government of our great cities and the rule of bosses in our empire States.

So, for good reasons or bad, we must probably submit for some years to be no longer the most popular, but one of the most unpopular of nations. We are strong enough so that we need not fear the enmity of foreign States, but it is our first international duty to [illegible] our own serious faults, and to conduct our public affairs on the highest plane of honor and courtesy. We need not lay it wholly to the incapacity of the nations to understand our good qualities, when so shrewd an observer of European affairs as President Washburn tells us that "we were never so heartily hated by the people of Europe as we are to-day."—Independent.

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Which War Shall We Have?

THE PRICE TO PAY FOR PEACE

"WHICH war?" that is the real question which the Government and the people of this country will be called upon to answer at a time not far removed, says Christian Work. Those who are continually raising the inquiry, "Shall we have peace?" are missing the vital principle at the heart of the matter, at least, they lose sight of the main issue. Indeed there is manifest not a little of the commercial and the Wall Street spirit in the way in which this inquiry is being raised in some quarters. For it assumes that for this country to take up arms, no matter how just the cause, would be the greatest evil, the worst calamity, that could possibly befall it. But would it be? Let us look at the matter.

And here let us express our utter abhorrence of the cruelties of war, our profound regret that the country should ever be driven to maim and kill by cannon and rifle, by carbine and sword. Rather than resort to "the way of blood" for settling the quarrels between nations, we would make every possible concession and utilize every honorable means to escape from it. And having said that, we revert to the original question, "Which war shall we have, supposing all endeavors to end the suffering in Cuba fail—war by the United States with Spain, or shall the war in Cuba, with its atrocities and heart rending cruelties, be permitted to go on unameliorated, unchecked?"

They who have any adequate conception of the harvest of horror and of death which is being reaped in Cuba at the present time, outside of those who are participants, are few. But some of the facts are known; and [illegible] son, right here and now, to give [illegible] is fearfully significant, and as [illegible] tic as it is heartrending. The trustworthiness of the statement to be made, we may add, is confirmed in a carefully prepared article in Harper's Weekly, and consists in the tragical statement that under the infamous order of General Weyler, forcing the peasants of the country districts to abandon their homes and concentrate inside the lines of fortified towns, six hundred thousand people, mostly women and children, were crowded into those centres without shelter, without food, without any adequate means of sustaining life.

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But more remains to be said. Of these six hundred thousand poor sufferers, three hundred thousand, or one half, died last year of sickness and starvation brought on by want, by the lack of medical attendance, and the absence of any attempt at relief. Weyler, happily, is gone, and his order has been revoked. But it is all too late—the misery and suffering continue. These poor creatures, who have raised no finger against the Government, are now dying at the rate of one thousand a day; a few months more will exterminate them all except the few rescued through Miss Barton's agency—that is, unless this country speedily intervenes.

Now the reader can understand the inquiry that heads this article—"Which war?" And which shall it be? Shall we intervene at the very earliest available opportunity, and by our superior resources stop this misery and arrest the dreadful carnage in a short time, even at the risk of shedding American blood, or shall we take refuge in calm indifference, fold our arms complacently, and say to Spain, "Go on with your bloody work in your own unique way, and bring back Weyler if you will?"

The purely commercial spirit, the spirit of complacent content in the midst of luxurious ease, all indifferent to the pleadings of humanity, intent upon nothing, and desiring nothing so much as to be permitted to enjoy its state of calm repose, will pipe up the plea for peace—peace at any price, however others may suffer.

Right here a question arises which may well induce careful thought on the part of every American. We have upbraided the great Powers for permitting the massacres in [illegible]. How much less guilty shall we be if we permit the atrocities in Cuba to go on undiminished, while we sit idly by and do nothing? Surely there is gospel authority for the statement that no nation liveth unto itself. We have a duty to other people.

If we understand the attitude of our patriotic and high minded President, and the Government, if we interpret rightly that vote of fifty millions recently, if we comprehend the tone and temper of the American people, never exhibited more admirably than now, the Cubans can see the low in the sky, for relief is at hand. And if war be thrust upon us, if Spain will not listen to our demand that she cease her bloody work in Cuba, then be ours the opportunity and hers the responsibility! Let us delay no longer.

Under The Evening Lamp

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

MISAPPREHENSION

IT WAS only a word that you might have said,
Or a look, O love, would have told me then,
But you did not know—you were proud—and I,
I looked and hoped for your coming again.
But you went your way, and you never knew
How the sunlight was darkened my whole life through.

But, O love, you loved me. Your heart was sore
At the cold restraint as we parted and met
And parted again, and I could not speak
Though I watched you with wistful eyes—and yet
The days went on and you never knew
How I hoped and waited the long days through.

And I loved you so I had given my life
To have won some sign of the love I craved.
What was it between us? God knows, not I—
Had the silence been broken we two had been saved
From a sorrow, as hopeless as love was true,
We must bear in our hearts this whole life through.

—New Orleans Picayune

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HOW COAL WAS FORMED

MR. FAYOL, an eminent French engineer, having in charge the coal mines at Commentry, in an article in Locomotive Engineering, advances the following theory of the formation of coal claimed to be based on such facts and experiments as receive the support of scientific men. The mines in question, being partly worked in the open air, have rendered it easy to observe the relations of the different strata making up that region. It appearing, at first, that the pebbles constituting the pudding-stones were formed of rocks whose place of origin was sometimes quite distant, and the coal being the result of vegetable debris laid down in horizontal layers, one above the other, the conclusion arrived at, from these data, assumed that a liquid must have been necessary to transport and arrange in this way such different elements—coal, therefore, not having been formed in the place where now found, is a product of transportation.

It is urged that the climate of the coal epoch being very moist, abundant floods carried away trees and whole forests and swept them into lake basins. The trees thus formed great rafts of logs; the heaviest materials — gravel, sand, clays — were deposited in the order of their density, while the lighter vegetable matter, floating longer, were deposited last. This, it is thought, explains why the layers of earth and coal are not parallel, and why all those layers, as has been observed in deltas, are inclined in the same direction and at different angles.

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LIBRARIES OF WOODEN BOOKS

ONE department of the town museum at Cassel, Germany, is made up of the most singular lot of books that ever greeted the sharp, admiring eye of the bibliomaniac—a library of five hundred volumes, each a perfect book made of a different kind of wood, says Cassell's Journal. The back of each volume is formed of the bark of its particular tree, the sides are of the wood in its mature state, the top of immature wood, and the bottom of the same after having been dried and seasoned.

When opened, these remarkable books are found to be without leaves, the inside being a box containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaf of the tree from which the box-book has been made. Taking advantage of the idea illustrated in the wooden library at Cassel, Russia employed a cabinet-maker during the entire winter of 1877-78 in making a library of the woods found in the extensive Russian forests. These were classified and arranged for the Russian exhibit at the Paris Expositions of both 1878 and 1889. As in the Cassel library, this Russian wood collection showed the wood in its several growths, as well as fruit, leaves and seeds, either natural or accurately imitated in wax.

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SELLING A LAKE AT AUCTION

THE Nemi lake, in Latium, is by a judicial decree to be sold by auction. In classic times, says the London Daily Graphic, it was bounded by a vast forest, the whole region was sacred to Diana, and the bright surface of the lake was called Speculum Dianae, or Diana's Mirror. There was a temple of the goddess beside the lake, and its priest was in the early days of the Empire the "king of the grove," whose precarious existence is recorded in Dean Farrar's novel, Darkness and Dawn. The priest was generally an escaped criminal, who "slew the slayer and should himself be slain"—that is, he held the shrine by the right of having slain the last hermit-priest, till he himself were dispossessed by a violent death. In Imperial times the lake and its shores were the scene of many patrician water fêtes, and the playground of the Court of Tiberius. A few years ago one of the Royal triremes, a three-decker, was discovered here deeply submerged. It yielded a rich treasure trove in coin, bronze heads of lions, and tigers, and a bronze effigy of Medusa. The inscriptions showed that the trireme was dedicated to Diana. The lake is believed to be rich in archaic treasures and records of the Court of Tiberius, and the worship of Diana.

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WHEN YOU RIDE IN AN ELEVATOR

THE modern, quick-moving elevator, when it sinks suddenly, gives many persons an unpleasant, qualmish feeling, says a writer in the Boston Journal.

Into a well-filled elevator in a big shopping store the other day, two women stepped from one of the floors.

"Do you know," said one of them to the other, "that if you hold your breath going down in an elevator you don't have that unpleasant feeling; you don't feel it at all."

Of course, no one in the elevator listened intentionally, but no one could help hearing what she said. Conversation instantly ceased and everyone drew a long breath. The elevator shot downward in silence. "Ground floor!" said the elevator man, as he drew back the door, and the women streamed out from the car upon the floor, talking gayly; and there was one, at least, who said the plan was really effective.

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ORIGIN OF THE TOAST

THE word "toast," used for describing the proposal of a health in an after-dinner speech, dates back to mediæval times when the loving-cup was still regarded as an indispensable feature of every banquet. The cup would be filled to the brim with wine or mead, in the centre of which would be placed a piece of toasted bread. After putting his lips thereto, the host would pass the cup to the guest of honor seated on his right hand, and the latter would in turn pass it on to his right-hand neighbor. In this manner the cup would circulate round the table, each one present taking a sip while drinking toward his right-hand neighbor, until finally the cup would come back to the host, who would drain what remained, and swallow the piece of toast, in honor of all the friends assembled at his table.

History teaches that the ancient Greeks, the Romans, the Assyrians, and the Egyptians were in the habit of drinking one another's health at dinner. Indeed, at Athens, the etiquette concerning what may be described as the liquid courtesies of this kind was very strict and elaborate, being known by the name of "Philothesis." The participants of the repast were in the habit of drinking to one another until they could carry no more, and then they would pour out the remainder of the wine on the altar of any pagan deity that might happen to be most convenient.

At Rome the same custom prevailed. After-dinner oratory, however, was severely condemned as out of place, and while the Greeks contented themselves with exclaiming, as they put the cup of wine to their lips, "I salute you; be happy," the Romans restricted themselves rigidly, however, to the shorter exclamation, "Propino," which is the Latin for "I drink your health."

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HOW EXPERTS TELL A GOOD CIGAR

HERE is a receipt as to how to tell a good cigar, says the London Figaro. The first step is to examine the leaf with eyes and fingers, and to carefully estimate its color, its texture, and the amount of gummy matter it contains. If it passes this test, it is next rolled up into a rough cigar, and an inch of it is smoked. This is known as the "fire test." While smoking, the sampler sniffs the smoke repeatedly, to determine the aroma.

Then the ash is inspected, and this requires much experience and judgment, for although a white ash indicates good tobacco as a rule, the opposite is often the case; and while a gray ash is generally the sign of inferior tobacco, it sometimes means a first-class leaf. Regular burning is an indispensable quality, whatever the color of the ash. The last test is made by flicking off the ash and examining the glowing point. If the cigar is good, the point will be sharp, and, in fact, the sharper the point the better the cigar.

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THE ETIQUETTE OF THE DESERT

SOCIAL etiquette, among the Arabs, is a factor in life to be considered seriously if you wish to live among them without friction, says R. Talbot Kelly in the Century Magazine. Its obligations are not to be completely mastered in merely a few months. Sometimes when I have had companions with me presumably thoroughly *au fait*, with all things Mohammedan, the harmony of the occasion has been seriously endangered by some thoughtlessness or ignorance on their part, which to the Moslem could appear only as a contemptuous want of consideration. Thus, no greater insult could be offered to an Arab than a friendly inquiry as to the welfare of his wife, to us a natural civility, but to him a gross impertinence bitterly resented.

On one occasion I nearly made a similar blunder. I was invited by a neighboring sheik to go over to see him, and was on the point of riding up to his tent door and dismounting there. Fortunately, however, I remembered in time that etiquette demanded that I should halt fifty yards off and call in a loud voice: "Have I your permission to approach?" This gives time to bundle off any of their womenkind who may be about, preparatory to the admission of a stranger. It is curious, also, to notice that, in spite of the real affection existing between father and son, the sense of respect dominates all other feelings, and the sons will never sit at meal with their father in the presence of a guest, but will wait upon both until the father, rising, allows them the opportunity of breaking bread with their visitor. Provided, however, that you recognize their social customs, my experience has proved the Bedouins to be genuine, warm-hearted friends; and they really become greatly attached to those whom they know will respect their customs.

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HOW ELEPHANTS KEEP COUNT

OF THE elephant's marvelous mathematical precision and ability to count, no doubt can exist in the mind of any one who has ever visited Mandalay, in upper Burmah, says a writer in St. Nicholas. There large forests of teak are cultivated by the Government for building purposes; the squared timbers are placed, and secured, one above another till a raft is formed to float down the Irrawaddy for easy conveyance to various other stations.

Elephants do the whole work. They convey the enormous logs down to the water's edge and pile them one above another, both lengthwise and across, till a perfect cube is formed. They show an intelligence and interest in their work that seems human, as any eye witness can affirm who has watched an elephant at his loading and then has seen him move a few paces to one side in order to judge of the effect of his work. If the appearance of the heap is not quite symmetrical, two elephants force the logs one way or the other with their trunks till they get the desired result; and the perfect evenness and symmetry of the finished cube is astonishing. They never miscalculate the number required for each cube, and never overweigh it in any degree.

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RARE AND EXPENSIVE DRUGS

SAFFRON would appear, to an ordinary observer, as decidedly expensive at $14 a pound, until assured that it is composed of the central small portions only of the flowers of a crocus, 70,000 of which it takes to yield the material for one pound, says Chamber's Journal. Otto of roses sells at $140 per pound, and it takes 10,000 pounds—or nearly five tons—of roses to obtain but one pound of the oil. Aconitine, extracted from the root of monkshood, is said to be the very strongest poison extant, the dose being but one six-hundredth of a grain. It is sold at the rate of $1620 per pound.

Turning from the vegetable to the animal world in search of rare drugs, the writer refers to the musk of the Asiatic deer, which at $360 to $420 a pound must be a prize to the wily hunter. In some of the tropical seas a floating, sweet-smelling mass of ambergris is met with, worth at present $27 per ounce, in the market. This ambergris is said to be the "diseased biliary product" of the whale. Another peculiar animal product in use as a drug is a solution of the pure venom of the rattlesnake, given occasionally in malignant scarlet fever.

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ORIGIN OF THE MARSEILLAISE

ROUGET DE LISLE was greatly esteemed among his friends for his poetical and musical gifts, writes G. J. Adair in his new book, Stories of Famous Songs, and was a particular friend of the family of the Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsatian, then Mayor of Strasburg. "One night during the winter of 1792 the young officer was seated at the table of his family. The hospitable fare of the Baron had been so reduced by the calamities and necessities of war that nothing," says Mme. Fanny Raymond Ritter, "could be provided for dinner that day except garrison bread and a few thin slices of ham. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and lamenting the poverty of the fare he had to offer, declared he would sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar if he thought it would aid De Lisle's poetic invention and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place in Strasburg. The ladies approved, and sent for the last bottle of wine of which the house could boast.

"After dinner De Lisle sought his room, and though it was bitterly cold he at once sat down at the piano, and between reciting and playing and singing eventually composed La Marseillaise, and then, thoroughly exhausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk. In the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, immediately wrote it down, and carried it to his friend Baron Dietrich. Every one was enchanted with the song, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A few days later it was publicly given in Strasburg, and thence it was conveyed by the multitude to the insurgents of Marseilles, and we are all familiar with its after popularity."

De Lisle's mother was a most devoted Royalist, and asked, "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Royalist, when flying for his life in the Jura Mountains, heard it as a menace of death, and recognizing the well-known air, asked his guide what it was called. It had been christened the Marseillaise Hymn.

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THE LINE OF ENGLAND'S RULERS

First William the Norman, then William his son,
Henry, Stephen, and Henry, then Richard and John,
Next Henry the Third, Edwards one, two and three,
And again after Richard three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess,
Two Henrys, sixth Edward, Queen Mary, Queen Bess;
Then Jamie the Scotsman, then Charles whom they slew,
But received after Cromwell another Charles, too.
Then James the second ascended the throne,
And good William and Mary together came on,
Till Anne, Georges four, and fourth William all past,
God sent England Victoria; may she long be the last!

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PET EXPLOSIVES OF MANY NATIONS

EVERY great Power has its own special high-power explosive with which its shells are filled, says Answers. The French pin their faith to mélinite, which has been very thoroughly tested. Shells filled with this composition have been fired through ten inches of armor without exploding. The shells in this instance left the gun's muzzle with the great velocity of two thousand feet per second.

The British Government is doubtful of the safety of mélinite, and uses a composition called lyddite. It gets its name from Lydde, in Wales, where it is manufactured. The lyddite shells have been successfully fired through five inches of armor.

Ecrasite is used by Austria. Its composition is a secret known only to the two inventors, who are Austrians. This explosive has been found to have special destructive power when used against earthworks.

Sweden has decided to use in its army an explosive called bellite, the invention of a Swede. While it has not as much explosive force as many of the other compositions, yet it is claimed to be more stable. Its powers of preservation are also much greater. The United States has been making exhaustive trials of a kind of guncotton known as emmenite, a most powerful explosive.

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COUNTING OVER $100,000,000

LAST July, after the new United States Treasurer went into office, it was necessary to know by official count that the Treasury cash represented on the books was in the vaults. The amount was $797,000,000 according to the books. The books and the amount in the vaults tallied until Vault No. 1 was reached. In this vault were 103,653,000 standard silver dollars. A man employed about the Treasury was found in the cellar under such circumstances as made it evident that his purpose was not honest. He confessed that he had taken twenty-eight dollars from the bags in this vault and substituted lead dollars. He was arrested, but it was necessary to handle every dollar in the vault, because the bags must have been opened. On September 10, twenty-eight expert counters, some laborers to handle the heavy bags, and some refiners to test the pieces of money, went to work. They finished in February, and stated that $859 is missing. This amount must be paid by the former Treasurer, who is responsible for the amount represented on his books. Congress may pass a law refunding this money. The counters worked eight hours a day for five months to accomplish this work.

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WHY BRITISH TROOPS WEAR SCARLET

SEVERAL reasons are urged by scientific and military experts in favor of infantry soldiers wearing scarlet coats. Scarlet affords the best attainable protection against the extremes of heat and cold to which soldiers are liable to be exposed. The darker the color protecting a warm body the more rapidly radiation proceeds. With reference to protection from the sun, scarlet takes a far higher place than any of the blues, greens or drabs and other shades often used for military clothing.

Although scarlet is more conspicuous than gray, when the sun shines directly on the troops it blurs the sight, and is consequently more difficult to hit. It is a distinct advantage that men should bulk large in the decisive stages of an encounter, and there is no color which enables them to do this so effectively as scarlet. Therefore, every scientific consideration justifies the retention of scarlet as the best uniform for troops.

Hunting on the Little Missouri

ON THE TRAIL OF ANTELOPES AND WOLVES

By Theodore Roosevelt

FORMERLY the prong-horned antelope were very plentiful on the immense rolling prairies which stretch back of the Little Missouri, where my ranch house stands.

In the old days they could often be procured by luring them with a red flag—for they are very inquisitive beasts. Now they have grown scarce and wary, and must usually either be stalked, which is difficult, owing to their extreme keenness of vision and the absence of cover on the prairies, or else must be ridden into.

With first-class greyhounds and good, fast horses they can often be run down in a fair chase; without greyhounds the rider can hope for nothing more than to get within fair shooting-range, and this only by taking advantage of their peculiarity of running straight ahead, in the direction in which they are pointed, when once they have settled into their pace. Usually antelope, as soon as they see a hunter, run straight away from him; but sometimes they make their flight at an angle, and as they do not like to change their course when once started, it is occasionally possible to cut them off from the point toward which they are headed, and get a reasonably close shot.

In the fall of 1896 I spent a fortnight on the range with the ranch wagon. I was using, for the first time, one of the new small-calibre, smokeless-powder rifles, a 30-30-160 Winchester. I had a half-jacketed bullet, the butt being cased in hard metal, while the nose was entirely made of lead.

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While traveling to and fro across the range we usually moved camp each day, not putting up the tent at all during the trip; but at one spot we spent three nights. It was in a creek bottom, bounded on either side by rows of grassy hills, beyond which stretched the rolling prairie. The creek bed, which at this season was, of course, dry in most places, wound in S-shaped curves, with here and there a pool, and here and there a fringe of stunted, wind-beaten timber.

We were camped near a little grove of ash, box-elder and willow, which gave us shade at noonday; and there were two or three pools of good water in the creek bed—one so deep that I made it my swimming-bath.

The first day that I was able to make a hunt I rode out with my foreman, Sylvane Ferris. I was mounted on Muley. Twelve years before, when Muley was my favorite cutting pony on the round-up, he never seemed to tire or lose his dash, but Muley as now sixteen years old, and on ordinary occasions he liked to go as soberly as possible; yet the good old pony still had the fire latent in his blood, and at the sight of game—or, indeed, of cattle or horses—he seemed to regain, for the time being, all the headlong courage of his vigorous and supple youth.

On the morning in question, it was two or three hours before Sylvane and I saw any game. Our two ponies went steadily forward at a single foot or shack, as the cow-punchers term what Easterners call a fox trot. Most of the time we were passing over immense grassy flats, where the mat of short curled blades lay brown and parched under the bright sunlight. Occasionally we came to ranges of low barren hills, which sent off gently rounded spurs into the plain.

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It was on one of these ranges that we first saw our game. As we were traveling along the divide we spied eight antelope far ahead of us. They saw us as soon as we saw them, and the chance of getting to them seemed small; but it was worth an effort, for by humoring them when they start to run, and galloping toward them at an angle oblique to their line of flight, there is always some little chance of getting a shot.

Sylvane was on a light buckskin horse, and I left him on the ridge crest to occupy their attention while I cantered off to one side. The prong-horns became uneasy as I galloped away, and ran off the ridge crest in a line nearly parallel to mine. They did not go very fast, and I held in Muley, who was all on fire at the sight of the game. After crossing two or three spurs, the antelope going at half speed, they found I had come closer to them, and turning, they ran up one of the valleys between two spurs.

Now was my chance, and wheeling at right angles to my former course, I galloped Muley as hard as I knew how up the valley nearest and parallel to where the antelope had gone. The good old fellow ran like a quarter-horse, and when we were almost at the main ridge crest I leaped off, and ran ahead with my rifle at the ready, crouching down as I came to the sky-line. Usually on such occasions I find that the antelope have gone on, and merely catch a glimpse of them half a mile distant, but on this occasion everything went right.

The band had just reached the ridge crest, about two hundred and twenty yards from me across the head of the valley, and had halted for a moment to look around. They were starting as I raised my rifle, but the trajectory is very flat with these small-bore smokeless-powder weapons, and taking a coarse front sight I fired at a young buck which was broadside to me. There was no smoke, and as the hand raced away I saw him sink backward, the ball having broken both of his hips and so crippled him.

We packed him bodily behind Sylvane on the buckskin and continued our ride, as there was no fresh meat in camp, and we wished to bring in a couple of bucks if possible. For two or three hours we saw nothing worth shooting.

The unshod feet of the horses made hardly any noise on the stretches of sun-cured grass, but now and then we passed through patches of thin weeds, their dry stalks rattling curiously, making a sound like that of a rattlesnake. At last, coming over a gentle rise of ground, we spied two more prong-bucks, half a mile ahead of us and to our right.

Again there seemed small chance of bagging our quarry, but again fortune favored us. I at once cantered Muley ahead, not toward them, but so as to pass them well on one side. After some hesitation they started, not straight away, but at an angle to my own course. For some moments I kept at a hand gallop, until they got thoroughly settled in their line of flight, then I touched Muley, and he went as hard as he knew how.

Immediately the two panic-stricken and foolish beasts seemed to feel that I was cutting off their line of retreat, and raced forward at mad speed. They went much faster than I did, but I had the shorter course, and when they crossed me they were not fifty yards ahead—by which time I had come nearly a mile.

At the pull of the rein Muley stopped short, like the trained cow-pony he is; I leaped off, and held well ahead of the rearmost and largest buck. At the crack of the little rifle down he went with his neck broken. In a minute or two he was packed behind me on Muley, and we bent our steps toward camp.

During the remainder of my trip we were never out of fresh meat, for I shot three other bucks—one after a smart chase on horseback, and the other two after careful stalks; and I missed two or three running shots.

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The game being both scarce and shy, I had to exercise much care, and after sighting a band, I would sometimes have to wait and crawl round for two or three hours before they would get into a position where I had any chance of approaching. Even then they were more apt to see me and go off than I was to get near them.

Antelope are the only game that can be hunted as well at noonday as in the morning or evening, for their times for sleeping and feeding are irregular. They never seek shelter from the sun, and when they lie down for a noonday nap they are apt to choose a hollow, so as to be out of the wind; in consequence, if the band is seen at all at this time, it is easier to approach them than when they are up and feeding. They sometimes come down to water in the middle of the day, sometimes in the morning or evening. On this trip I came across bands feeding and resting at almost every time of the day. They seemed usually to rest for a couple of hours, then begin feeding again.

The last shot I got was when I was out with Joe Ferris, in whose company I had killed my first buffalo, just thirteen years before, and not very far from this same spot. We had seen two or three bands that morning, and in each case, after a couple of hours of useless effort, I failed to get near enough.

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At last, toward mid-day, after riding and tramping over a vast extent of broken, sun-scorched country, we got within range of a small band lying down in a little cup-shaped hollow in the middle of a great flat. I did not have a close shot, for they were running about one hundred and eighty yards off. The buck was rearmost, and at him I aimed; the bullet struck him in the flank, coming out of the opposite shoulder, and he fell in his next bound. As we stood over him, Joe shook his head, and said, "I guess that little 30-30 is the ace;" and I told him I guessed it was, too.

Beside antelope, the only wild beasts, of any size, which are still on the plains anywhere near the Little Missouri, are wolves and coyotes. Coyotes are more or less plentiful everywhere in thinly settled districts. They are not dangerous to horses or cattle, but they will snap up lambs, young pigs, cats, and hens, and if very hungry several often combine to attack a young calf. In consequence, farmers and ranchers kill them whenever the chance offers; but they do no damage which is very appreciable when compared with the ravages of their grim big brother, the gray wolf, which in many sections of the West is now a veritable scourge of the stockmen.

The big wolves shrink back before the growth of the thickly settled districts, and, in the Eastern States, they often tend to disappear even from districts that are uninhabited save by a few wilderness hunters. They have thus disappeared almost entirely from Maine, the Adirondacks, and the Alleghanies, although, here and there, they are said to be returning to their old haunts.

Their disappearance is rather mysterious in some instances, for they are certainly not all killed off. The black bear is much easier killed, yet the black bear holds its own in many parts of the land from which the wolf has vanished. No animal is quite so difficult to kill as is the wolf, whether by poison or rifle, or hound. Yet, after a comparatively few have been slain, the entire species will, perhaps, vanish from certain localities.

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But with all wild animals it is a noticeable fact that a course of contact with man, continuing over many generations of animal life, causes a species so to adapt itself to its new surroundings that it ceases to diminish in numbers. When white men take up a new country, the game, and especially the big game, being entirely unused to contend with the new foe, succumbs easily, and is soon almost completely killed out. If any of the game survive at all, however, the succeeding generations are far more difficult to exterminate than were their ancestors, and they cling much more tenaciously to their old homes.

The game to be found in old, and long-settled countries is much more wary and able to take care of itself than the game of an untrodden wilderness. It is a very difficult matter to kill a Swiss chamois; but it is a very easy matter to kill a white goat, after a hunter has once penetrated among the almost unknown peaks of the mountains of British Columbia. When the ranchmen first drove their cattle to the Little Missouri they found the deer tame and easy to kill, but the deer of Maine, and the Adirondacks, test to the full the highest skill of the hunter.

In consequence, after a time, game may even increase in certain districts where settlements are thin. This has been true of the wolves throughout all the northern cattle country in Montana, Wyoming, and the western ends of the Dakotas.

In the old days wolves were very plentiful throughout this region, closely following the huge herds of buffaloes. The white men, who followed these herds as professional buffalo-hunters, were often accompanied by other men, known as wolfers, who poisoned these wolves for the sake of their furs. With the disappearance of the buffalo the wolves diminished in numbers so that they, also, seemed to disappear. During the last ten years their numbers have steadily increased, and now they seem to be as numerous as they ever were in the region in question, and they are infinitely more wary and more difficult to kill.

Along the Little Missouri their ravages have been so serious, during the past four years, as to cause heavy damage to the stockmen. Not only colts and calves, but young trail stock, and in midwinter even full-grown horses and steers, are continually slain; and in some seasons the losses have been so heavy as to more than eat up all the profits of the ranchman. The county authorities have put a bounty on wolf scalps, of three dollars each, and in my own neighborhood the ranchmen have of their own accord put on a further bounty of five dollars. This makes eight dollars for every wolf, and as the skin is also worth something the business of killing wolves is quite profitable.

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Wolves are very shy, and show extraordinary cunning both in hiding themselves and in slinking out of the way of the hunter. They are rarely killed with the rifle. I have myself shot but one with the rifle, though I have several times taken part in the chase of a wolf with dogs, and have, if necessary, helped the pack finish the quarry.

They are occasionally trapped, but, after a very few have been procured in this way, the survivors become so wary that it is almost impossible, even for a master of the art, to do much with them, while an ordinary man can never get one into a trap except by accident.

More can be done with poison, but even in this case the animal speedily learns caution by experience.

Occasionally an old one will succumb, but there are always some who cannot be persuaded to touch a bait. The old she-wolves teach their cubs, as soon as they are able to walk, to avoid man's traces in every way, and to look out for traps and poison.

In consequence, though most cow-punchers carry poison with them, and are continually laying out baits, and though some men devote most of their time to poisoning for the sake of the bounty and the fur, the results are not very remunerative.

The most successful wolf-hunter on the Little Missouri, for the past year, was a man who did not rely on poison at all, but on dogs. He is a hunter named Massingale, and he always has a pack of at least twenty hounds. The number varies, for a wolf at bay is a terrible fighter, with jaws like that of a steel trap and teeth that cut like knives, so that the dogs are continually disabled and sometimes killed, and the hunter has always to be on the watch to add animals to his pack. It is not a pack that would appeal, as far as looks go, to an Old-World huntsman, but it is thoroughly fitted for its own work.

Most of the dogs are greyhounds, whether rough or smooth haired, but many of them are big mongrels, part greyhound and part some other breed, such as bull-dog, mastiff, Newfoundland, bloodhound, or collie. The only two requisites are that the dogs shall run fast and fight gamely; and in consequence they form as wicked, hard-biting a crew as ever ran down and throttled a wolf. They are usually taken out ten at a time, and by their aid Massingale killed two hundred wolves during the year. Of course, you know, the wolves are killed as vermin, not for sport. The greatest havoc is in the spring-time, when the she-wolves are followed to their dens, which are sometimes holes in the earth and sometimes natural caves. There are from three to nine whelps in each litter.

Some of the hounds are very fast, and they can usually overtake a young or weak wolf; but an old dog-wolf, with a good start, unless run into at once, will surely get away if he is in running trim. Frequently, however, he is caught when he is not in running trim, for the hunter is apt to find him when he has killed a calf or taken part in dragging down a horse or steer, and is gorged with meat.

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Grim fighter though a great dog-wolf is, he stands no show before the onslaught of ten such hounds, agile and powerful, who rush on their antagonist in a body. They possess great power in their jaws, and unless Massingale is up within two or three minutes after the wolf is taken the dogs literally tear him to pieces, though one or more of their number may be killed or crippled in the fight.

Other hunters are now striving to get together packs thoroughly organized, and the wolves may soon be thinned out; but at present they are certainly plentiful.

Last fall I saw a number myself, although I was not looking for them. I frequently came upon the remains of sheep and young stock which they had killed, and once, on the top of a small plateau, I found the body of a large steer, while the torn and trodden ground showed that he had fought hard for his life before succumbing.

There were apparently two wolves engaged in the work, and the cunning beasts had evidently acted in concert. While one attracted the steer's attention, the other, according to the invariable wolf habit, attacked him from behind, ham-stringing him and tearing out his flanks. His body was still warm when I came up, but his murderers had slunk off.

Their handiwork was unmistakable, however, for, unlike bears and cougars, wolves invariably attack their victim at the hind-quarters, and begin their feast on the hams or flanks if the animal is of any size.

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Li Hung Chang and the Bible.—Doctor Coltman, of Peking, relates the following interview with Li Hung Chang:

"At a recent visit I made to His Excellency, Viceroy Li Hung Chang, I found him reading a beautiful Russia-leather-bound copy of the New Testament that had just been sent him by the Rev. George Owen, of the London Mission. The type and paper were of the same kind as that presented to the Empress Dowager, on her jubilee celebration, a few years ago. The old gentleman was so intent on his reading that he did not notice me for several minutes, and, as I could see the title of the book, I made a silent prayer that God might send him some message in his reading that would appeal to his heart.

"In a little while he raised his eyes, and looking attentively at me, said, 'Doctor Coltman,' or, as he addresses me in Chinese, 'Man Tai Fu, do you believe this book?' 'Your Excellency,' I replied, 'if I did not believe that book I should not have the honor of being your physician. I thoroughly believe it.' 'Are you sure it is not all rumor and report?' he again asked. 'Very sure,' I replied. 'How do you know?' he asked.

"'By a test given in the book itself. Does it not say, in the book, that a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit, nor a good tree bad fruit? Your Excellency has admitted to me previously, that the condition of the people in Western lands far surpasses anything in the East, and I can assure you that the happiness and prosperity of the various nations you have recently visited, is in direct proportion to the nearness with which they live to the precepts taught in that Book. Would that Your Excellency also believed it.'

"'Why, I believe that you would like me to turn Christian,' he said, in a half-joking, half-earnest tone. 'Not only you,' I replied, 'but your young Emperor and all his people.' 'We have Confucius,' he replied, 'and you have your Jesus; are they not much the same?' 'By their fruit ye shall know them,' I replied. Then, before we could carry on the conversation further, important dispatches were brought in, and the Viceroy had to give them his attention; but as a servant took the Book to the library, he said, 'Don't carry it to the library; take it to my bedroom table. I wish to look at it again.'"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This picture of hunting in the West is taken from Trail and Camp-Fire, the Book of the Boone and Crockett Club, edited by George Bird Grinell and Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated. Published by Forest and Stream Co., New York.

Signaling at Sea

COMMUNICATIONS BETWEEN THE NATION'S SHIPS

OF ALL the things that went down in the Maine, nothing, says the Chicago Inter Ocean, is more vital to the Navy than the safe recovery of the signal books from the Captain's cabin. Should they fall into the hands of the Spaniards our secret codes would be common property, and a whole corps of Spanish spies, right in our service, could scarcely embarrass us more. New books would have to be issued, and before every ship could be notified and supplied anew with other "keys," months of priceless time would be lost.

Signaling between ships is as old as the hills, almost; but only within recent years has it become the scientific necessity it is today. A ship without some means of distant signaling is not only pitiably mute, but is dangerous as well. It is seldom possible at sea, even in times of peace, to hail a passing vessel by speech, and in times of war to do so would be practically denied by the conditions of service. Some accurate means of visual communication must serve instead, and we have recourse to colors, form, and sound.

Whatever may be the fighting value of the modern military mast, its importance as a means of bearing, high in the air, symbols of direction, and of response, cannot be overestimated. In this regard we have learned a lesson from the battle of Yalu, where the Japanese suddenly found themselves without a leader because of the loss of the single mast carried by the flagship, and the inability of the Admiral to direct his fleet. Our battleships building are to have two masts, and each one is to be fitted with a separate signaling outfit; and as the signal staff of a man-of-war constitutes, in effect, its tongue and ears, an armored station will be built for their greater safety while in action.

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Modern accomplishments have added to our difficulties; the general directions preparatory to attack, which answered well enough in earlier days, are useless now. With ships moving easily at the rate of sixteen knots an hour, and closing on the foe at twice that speed, there will be no time to raise twelve separate hoists, as Nelson did.

Important at all times, the question of signaling becomes doubly so before an enemy, for safety then depends upon instant unity of action. At present we have no less than eight means of signaling; and, paradoxical as it may seem, we are most in the dark by daylight, for then we must depend, for the greater part, upon the doubtful fluttering of our flags, and the questionable interpretation of color and form, which distance and refraction tend easily to confuse. At night, backed by the deep setting of gloom, it is an easy matter to flash, for miles, our message with accuracy and be sure of proper reading.

For day use, setting aside the international flag code common to all maritime nations, we have the service flag code, the "wig-wag," or single code; the semaphore code, an elaboration of the railway signals, and the whistle code, to be used either day or night in foggy weather. The use of the speed cone, to give the gradation of concerted speed, can hardly be called a code.

The flag code consists essentially of thirteen elements or flags, representing the numerals from one to cypher, and three "repeaters," substituted in place of duplications; the semaphore covers the same numerals and all the letters of the alphabet. The "wig-wag" and the whistle are based upon the telegraph code of dots and dashes.

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The semaphore, in our service, can hardly be counted upon in time of war, for the New York is the only vessel so fitted, and the rest of the ships are unpracticed in reading it. In the British service the semaphore is the most tried daytime method of signaling, and the rapidity and accuracy with which they can dispatch messages is truly wonderful. Our bluejackets look upon it as something akin to marine railroading.

With the thirteen principal flags of our code, supplemented by half a dozen designating pennants, it is possible to make about twelve thousand different "hoists," or combinations, varying from one to two, three, or four flags, not counting the numbers of certain established orders or instructions carried in the "key" books of the service, and, with very few common exceptions, these orders are not memorized. Most codes are arranged in much the same manner, years of trial having determined the general principle, and the system of the French shows the usual method of arrangement.

Each ship carries a number of signal books or "keys," for various uses—all arranged in the same manner, and, perhaps, many having duplications of the numbers; and it is necessary first to tell in which "key" the answer is to be read, before the signal can be properly translated. In one book, "4136" may mean "Lend aid," while in another it may mean "Attack," and still something else in the "cipher" book.

On going into action, covers weighted with lead are slipped about them, and it becomes the signal officer's duty to cast them overboard and beyond the reach of a victorious fleet. When the frigate Chesapeake was captured her signal books were taken, too, and that necessitated the preparation of a new code—a much easier thing then than now.

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As can be seen, the possession of the "keys" is everything to a solution of the signal, and a knowledge of the flag numbers, in themselves, although not common property, is decidedly secondary. Even possessing one of the code books, an enemy would still be at a loss unless he knew the signal referred to the key in his possession, and by prearrangement it is possible to increase the number of every signal made by ten, twenty, etc., and to make its proper reading less that arbitrary difference, thus completely puzzling a foe and nullifying the "keys" in his possession. The Admiral of a fleet would take this precaution if he were at all in doubt as to the fate of a captured ship's signal books.

With the semaphore the position of each arm, either singly or in combinations of two, three, or four, means something to the signalman; and, when not spelling words, designates numbers, having reference to the same code of books. The "wig-wag," or single flag system, is the general conversational medium between vessels lying anchored near one another. It is a very rapid means of signaling, and, during the war and in the hands of army signalmen on our naval vessels, was of inestimable value on many occasions. Farragut found it more than helpful at the battle of Mobile Bay. It has the disadvantages of limited reach and of too much exposure for modern fighting conditions.

For night work we have the Ardois system of electric light signals, the Very rocket signals, the masthead lamp signals, and the searchlight signal.

The Ardois signals consist of four double lamps, the upper half red and the lower half white, but the two halves are never lighted at the same time. This is the most rapid and accurate means of signaling we have, and can be seen for miles. The red and the white lights are flashed in various combinations by the simple and positive movement of a switch across a keyboard; and by answering a signal, in kind, the operator cannot fail to read correctly the signal made to him.

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The Very signals consist of red and green stars fired aloft in combinations of four, the green corresponding to the white lamp of the Ardois. These signals have a range of quite fourteen miles, and can be seen when the masts of a vessel lie too far below the horizon to use the Ardois. The only disadvantage is their comparative slowness of action—one set of rockets must be allowed to burn out before another is fired, and the failure of one star nullifies that number.

By using all the red lights of the Ardois in unison to represent a dot, and all the white ones to denote a dash, long-distance signaling may be effected by the usual telegraphic code; but it is not rapid. The double masthead lamp can be used in the same way, but, while quite as slow, has not the range of the Ardois. It would do in case of failure of the Ardois for limited work, but would never be used in preference. The searchlight is made to represent dots and dashes by long and short flashes, and when cast upon high, distant clouds can be made to send messages for fifty or sixty miles. It, too, is slow.

So far we are abreast with the best foreign nations in the matter of material, but in the matter of personnel and practice we are far behind the British and the French, the former particularly. With us the duty of signaling is confided, in general, to the supervision of a cadet, and a working force of four quartermasters and six or eight apprentices. With the single exception of the senior quartermaster, or chief signalman, as he is called, the enlisted force qualify after they have reached the ship; and it is the chief signalman's duty to instruct them in all the complications of the duty. Even then their duty is not alone in this direction, for they have other stations and are "told off," as the phrase goes, for signal duty, when the occasion requires. Signaling might better be said to be their avocation, other things their vocation; and it is when dealing with flag signals especially that their questionable efficiency shows to the greatest disadvantage.

Again, the rating of signal quartermaster is given as a reward of merit, but for merit in every other direction than that of signaling facility. Swedes and Danes in our service, because of their well-known sobriety and worth, have been assigned to this duty, even though they could neither write English nor speak it intelligibly for the purpose of reciting the numbers of signals. On flagships the flag lieutenant has charge of this service, but he is generally chosen for some reasons personal to the Admiral.

In a Stampede at Night

THE RUSH OF FRIGHTENED CATTLE

By E. Hough

THE cowboys all take up their round about the herd, falling into their work with the philosophy of their calling, which accepts things as they come. As they ride in line, along the edge of the herd, the thunder is booming loudly, and the rain begins to fall in heavy, irregular drops. Suddenly, with a gusty rush the torrents of the air break loose, and a solid wall of rain sweeps over the place, hiding in a whirling mist the outlines of men and animals.

The thunder now bursts with deafening volume. The cattle have sprung to their feet, and now push about among themselves uneasily, their long horns clanking in the darkness. They are wet, but the rain is not chilling, and in a moment the cloud-burst is over and gone, and nothing remains of the storm but the lightning and wind. The sky lightens queerly, so that objects may be faintly seen, men riding along the edge of the herd, keeping the cattle back and closing them up. Sounds of confused sort come from among the cattle, grumblings and mutterings mingling with the chanting of the cowboys' riding. The storm is nearly past, but the whole air is nearly alive with electricity. The discharge of the thunder is as the noise of cannon. The lightning falls not in jagged lines, but in bursting balls of flame, which detonate with terrible reports. Along the tips of the horns of the cattle the faint flames play in weird way, as the fires of St. Elmo upon the spars of a ship caught in a storm at sea, giving uncanny flashes of light.

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The men still hold the line, calling to the cattle, which are now clattering and shuffling about in a way not pleasant to hear, though still they do not break into any concerted rush. Now and again a start is made by some frightened animal, but the nearest cowboy turns it back, riding against the head of each break showing toward the edge. The herd is shifting ground a little, edging a trifle down wind. This brings it nearer to the camping-place, nearer also to the wagon of the cook, which stands with its white cover broken loose and flapping upon the gale. There is a call of a voice, which begins to shout out something.

But this voice, and all the voices, and all the other sounds are swallowed in a mighty, dreadful roar. The white cover of the wagon has broken loose at the other end, the rope parting with a crack like the report of a gun. The wagon sheet whips madly up and down, as though with deliberate intent of malice, and then goes sailing off across the prairie.

No studied effort of evil could have been direr at this very moment! The herd, keyed up to the last pitch of nervousness and only held by the utmost efforts of the cowboys, needs only this devil's device to set it off. Every man of the outfit digs in his spurs and rides for the head of the herd, the front of this plunging, rushing, stumbling, falling mass of panic-stricken creatures which are off in the curse of the drive—the dreaded stampede in the dark!

The sound of the rushing hoofs of nearly ten thousand cattle is imposing enough at any time, but heard mingled and confused in the running in the dark it is something terrible. A loud cracking of hoofs comes through the fog of sound, and the mad rattling of the great horns swung together in the crush as the cattle struggle to head out of the suffocating press behind them, and on all sides. Mad indeed is this chase to-night, and far will be its ending, with the accompaniment of booming thunder and the ripping flight of lightning for its only beacon.

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Ride, Jim! Ride, Springtime, and Tex, and Curley, and Kid, and Cherokee, and all the rest of you! Now, if ever, you must be men of proof! Into the rattle of it, up to the head of it, press, spur, crowd! Shoot into their faces, frighten them back, turn them aside, ride into them, over them, but ride fast and thoughtless of yourself! There is no possibility of taking care. The pony must do it all. The pony knows what a stumble means. The herd will roll over horse and man, and crush them as if they were but prairie flowers. The ground is rough, but there must be no blunder. Ah, but there was! Something happened there! There was a stumble! There was a cry, smothered; but all that was half a mile back. The herd sweeps wildly, madly on.

Into the thick of the leaders of the herd the cow-punchers crowd in from the flanks, meeting there the men who were swept away in the first mad rush of the cattle. They cannot now escape from this position, nor do they seek to do so, but ride with the stampede, their horses, with ears flat, struggling on at top speed, bounding from side to side to escape the jostling of a steer, leaping ahead when the press clears in front for a moment. Through the noise of the pounding hoofs comes the panting of the cattle and the sobbing but valiant breath of the brave little horses which carry these wild and reckless men. A faint shout is heard at times, or the "Whoa-o-o-ope!" of a voice calling to the cattle in an attempt at soothing them. Now and then may be seen an arm thrown up and waved in gesture to a near-by rider, or at times may shoot forth the flash of the revolver, as some daring man heads across the front and tries to frighten the herd into swinging from its course.

The thundering hoofs now seem to pound upon harder ground. The broken country near the bluffs of the river is at hand. Down into gully and ravine go men, and horses, and cattle, in the dark, and welter out of it upon the other side as best they may. Many an animal goes headlong in the dark, but it is not noticed. Each object makes a tiny rock to stem the flood of pouring cattle.

But suddenly, without warning, the whole front of the herd plunges down utterly out of view! It has dropped down into the earth, has been swallowed up bodily! Some of the cow-punchers went down, too. At the brink of the bluff the following numbers of the cattle pile up and back, in a horrid mass, seeking to crowd back, but yet pushed on by the herd behind. The remnant of the herd turns along the side of the bluff.

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The remaining cowboys follow, pressing and crowding in, still spurring up to the heads of the panting cattle and seeking to turn them. The head of the herd finally swerves, it turns gradually more and more. The cowboys are still in front, shouting, crowding, firing their revolvers across the faces of the cattle and urging them back and away from the bluffs. The cattle turn now and traverse a circle. A moment later and they round the same circle, their ranks now closer together. The circle grows smaller and smaller. The mill is begun. Round and round they go until they no longer seek to break away, but stand, and clatter, and shuffle, and pant. Round and round the mill the cowboys ride, talking to the cattle now in proficient profanity, but doing nothing to startle the terrorized animals into a further flight. Gradually the panic passes. At length the cow-puncher takes a chew of tobacco and pulls up his pony.

The men who were at the head of the herd, at the place where it went over the cut bank, had no warning and no alternative. The ponies leaped with the cattle, and all took their chances together at the foot of the bank, a dozen feet in height. But here the ground was soft, and it was but a few steps to the water. In a moment the river was full of struggling, frantic creatures, all swimming for their lives, and all acting blindly except the cow-punchers, who retained their grim energy, and had no thought of giving up their lives. These swam clear of the crush of cattle, and dropped down to a bar below. Scattered animals came drifting down the stream and took the shore as they had done.

Many dead cattle floated past the bar, and at the foot of the bank a heap of dead and crippled ones lay tangled. Not till morning, of course, could the task of roping and pulling out the cattle from the water and from under the banks begin. These cow-punchers, as well as they were able, rode back to the path of the "split," and so found the main mill and their companions.

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"I shore thought I was an angel when we took the bank," says Curley, wiping his face with his wet neckerchief.

"Where's the Kid?" asked Jim gruffly.

"Dunno," is the answer. "I ain't seen him nowheres near me."

It is hard to tell where any one may be at this time, past midnight, with the storm just muttering itself away. Some of the cattle may be running yet, and some of the cowboys may be with them. Nothing remains to be done now, by those who are assembled, but to hold their remnant of the herd till morning. And morning finds the men still holding the herd, their eyes now heavy and red, their faces haggard, their clothing covered with the mud of the mad ride.

A detail is made to keep watch here, while the rest of the men go back to camp to bring on the cook-wagon and pick up the frayed ends of the rout. As these men ride in they see occasional scattered groups of cattle, which are turned back toward the main body. No one says much, for all are tired. As they pass on toward camp, or rather toward where camp was, a draggled figure rides up from out a gully—one of the boys who has followed off a bunch of cattle and so been separated from the others.

"Hello, Cherokee!" says Jim. "Where's the Kid? We can't none of us find him."

"I ain't seen him neither," says Cherokee. "There ain't nobody at all been with me."

But as they ride on along the torn and trampled trail left by the cattle in their flight of the night before, they all see the Kid—see him, every one of them, before any one of them dares to say a word. They know what this dark mass is lying on the ground ahead. Something strange chokes every throat, and each man adds an oath to the heap of pity as they draw up by the body. The boy's face, washed white and clean by the drenching rain, which has taken away the grime of the ride, lies upturned in the morning sunlight, which kisses it gently. His hair, sodden with the flood, trails off in the miry earth, of which he was a part and into which he is now to return. His pony, with its forelegs broken, lifts its head as high as it can and sadly whinnies.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This extract is taken from The Story of the Cowboy, by E. Hough, recently published by D. Appleton and Co., of New York.

The Hurried Pace of American Life

WHAT WE LOSE BY OUR HIGH-PRESSURE LIVING

AMERICANS used to the pace of life about them fail to adequately realize all of its speed and intensity. We never stop to think how much of effort is given to accelerating its pace, to crowding the work of days into hours. We are unwilling longer to journey in leisurely fashion, but must go by express. We are in a whirl of anxiety to catch trains, hang on to the edges of car platforms, and habitually increase all personal risks in order to save a few hours or minutes of time. We take the fast liners, with all their dangers of collision from speed and fog, which a day's more sailing would avoid. We live in such hurry that we have no time for reflection, have developed so positive a dislike for leisure that we class it with laziness, and think that we are standing still unless we are going at full swing.

To sit still, to take an inventory of life, to think what our lives are, and what we want them to be, is an intolerable waste of time. The journey of life is made on express schedules to the end, and its main object is the rapid accumulation of wealth. The professional men take fees until the candle is burned out. The men of business enlarge their transactions until death comes, leaving their sons to repeat the process, as if accumulation were an hereditary duty until time shall cease. The old theory, that a man ought to be content and serene in the evening of life, has largely died out, and the aged go on as unresting as the young. As Matthew Arnold has finely expressed it, we

> "See all sights from pole to pole,
> And glance and nod, and hustle by,
> And never once possess our soul
> Before we die."

That there are some reasons for such whipping of energies other than the mere craving for speed and excitement, it would be useless to deny. The demands of life upon all men who work with their brains have, perhaps, never been so severe. With the increasing fierceness of competition, the pursuit of business and practice must be unremittent, and when it is gained devotion to it must be continuous. In the lives of both classes any great success generally comes late, and the period of waiting for success, which consumes more than half of life, must be followed by another during which they almost sink under the exhaustion of work. The doctor, or lawyer with a large clientage, cannot choose who and when he will serve, nor the merchant take his leisure at will.

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Moreover, the standard of living has so increased in recent years, that it is impossible to be indifferent to gain. The rates of interest have dropped one-third, and the sum necessary to assure any competence correspondingly increased. The demands of labor for wages have kept pace with the increasing opulence of living, and the business man to satisfy both must accumulate much and rapidly. The speed and intensity of life are thus augmented, until the brain-working class are in a way compelled to a headlong race for gain.

It would be a mistake, moreover, to assume that all men quicken their pace simply from the thirst for wealth. The majority of the cultivated never hope to be wealthy, deem the ostentation of the rich sheer waste, and do not regard costly establishments, and the accessories of wealth, as necessary to make life enjoyable.

They do not crave a large income, but one that is assured and secure. It is not greed for wealth, but fear for the future that animates them. They want to accumulate capital, the interest from which will make secure an income equal to expenditure. It is for this object that the majority of men keep their lives at full speed, and spend what they often know to be irreplaceable energy. But while it is distinctly a more worthy object than the mere pursuit of wealth as wealth, its effects are as injurious. The pace is quickened to an unhealthy speed, whether the goal is near or far off, and the desire for competence is as strong as the thirst for riches. The strain of accumulation is as severe in one case as in the other; leisure for reflection and self-development is surrendered, until the capacity for enjoying it when attained is lost; and the speed is kept up until a "stroke" of some kind, of heart or nerves, completes the wreck.

That the effect of such conditions is to diminish the sum of human happiness and enlightenment there can be no doubt. It is already apparent upon the young, who can hardly get a start in life because the old fill all places, whose age of marriage is pushed farther on, and who have to wait until middle life for any chance of success. It may be said that this is really a benefit to the world, the rapid succession of workers depriving mankind of experience. That any change of habits, or, indeed, anything save a change of mind, will remedy the evil may be doubted. And a change of mind, to be effective, must come not to the few, but to the many, and as the result of self-culture.

If men would only realize the danger of the strain to which they subject themselves in middle life, and determine to accept the risks of the pecuniary future as they accept any other risks, the battle would be won. There are men who do so now, men who refuse to live their lives at express speed, and know something of what the word serenity means. And there are not wanting indications of the spread of dislike of speed among the cultivated. Holidays are longer and more frequent, there is less confusion of diversion and distraction, and a greater disposition to look at life with something of the Christian and philosophic spirit. When the professionals dread speed as do those who labor with their hands, and systematically reserve a portion of their time in which to "possess their souls," there must be some hope for the race.—New York Observer.

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